"Delivers on all levels and offers something for everyone."
— Comic Watch
MOON KNIGHT
MacKAY
SABBATINI
CAPPUCCIO
ROSENBERG
MARVEL
ROAD TO RUIN

MOON KNIGHT
ROAD TO RUIN

MOON KNIGHT

Mercenary Marc Spector died and was reborn in the shadow of Khonshu, the Egyptian god of the moon. Spector became **Moon Knight**, the Fist of Khonshu, to fight evil. Through his Midnight Mission, he is the defender of all those who travel at night.

Moon Knight battled the Structure, a group of vampires led by the Tutor. The Tutor sent the assassins Grand Mal and the Nemean after Moon Knight and his allies. The assassins managed to kill Moon Knight's fellow Fist of Khonshu, Hunter's Moon, before they were defeated. A resurrected Hunter's Moon returned to aid Moon Knight during his final battle with the Structure, helping to defeat the vampires.

Meanwhile, the super villain Zodiac has been in prison since almost destroying the Midnight Mission. Despite being imprisoned and having a new psychotherapist, Dr. Robert Plesko, Zodiac very much remains a threat...

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ROAD TO RUIN

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19 BLOOD MOON RISING

THE MYRMIDON PRISON.

SO.

WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, DOCTOR PLESKO?

WHY DON'T WE JUST START WITH WHATEVER'S ON YOUR MIND?

OKAY, SURE.

HOW ABOUT THIS: THEY SAY THE ONLY TWO AMERICAN ART FORMS ARE *JAZZ* AND *COMIC BOOKS*, AND THERE'RE ARGUMENTS TO BE MADE THAT THE JAPANESE HAVE BEATEN US AT *BOTH*.

AND DOES THAT *BOTHER* YOU, ZODIAC?

NOT REALLY. SUEHIRO MARUO, RYO FUKUI--THEY'VE EARNED IT.

BESIDES, WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING *BETTER* THAN EITHER JAZZ OR COMIC BOOKS *NOW*.

SOMETHING WE DO BETTER HERE IN THE OLD *U.S.* OF *A.* THAN *ANYONE*.

SUPER-VILLAINY.

"NOW THAT'S AN ART FORM I CAN GET BEHIND."
I DON'T THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, BADR.
WE DON'T DIE. THAT'S THE POINT OF THE FISTS OF KHONSHU.

WE DO DIE, SPECTOR.
TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
BUT KHONSHU BRINGS US BACK.
IT'S ABOUT ALL HE'S GOOD FOR.
HEADS UP. HERE IT IS.
YOUR ARROGANCE IS, AS ALWAYS, MATCHED BY YOUR IGNORANCE, BROTHER.
IF THE FISTS OF KHONSHU DON'T DIE...

"...THEN WHY ARE THE *ONLY TWO* EXTANT FISTS BOTH MEN BORN IN THE *LATE 20TH CENTURY?*"

SUPER-VILLAINY AS A PARTICULARLY *AMERICAN* PHENOMENON. INTERESTING.

BUT THAT DISMISSES AN *ICON* IN THE FIELD, DOES IT NOT?

VICTOR VON DOOM.

DOCTOR DOOM? *PFF.*

DOOM'S ALL HOT AIR. SIZZLE, NO STEAK.

HE PLAYS THE TORTURED-MONARCH THING, BUT IT'S ALL JUST SO *EURO*, SO *PRACTICED*. SO *PASSÉ*.

NAH.

GIVE ME SOMEONE *ELEMENTAL*.

WHEN I'M TALKING ABOUT SUPER VILLAINS, I'M TALKING ABOUT REAL *FREAK-STEAK*, THRILL-KILL *MAVERICKS*, BOYS AND GIRLS AND THE GENDER-NONCONFORMING WITH *BLOOD* ON THEIR *HANDS* AND *STARS* AND *STRIPES* IN THEIR *EYES*.

THERE'S A *BROAD STREAK* OF *PSYCHOPATHY* IN THE AMERICAN CHARACTER, DOC.

LAND OF THE *FREE*, HOME OF THE *BRAVE*.

FREEDOM FROM LAW AND CUSTOM. BRAVERY TO DO WHAT YOU *WANT*, *TAKE* WHAT YOU *WANT*. I'M JUST AFTER *MY* AMERICAN DREAM.

FORGET DOOM-- GIVE ME *CLETUS KASADY* OVER *DOOM* ANY DAY. *CARNAGE* KNOWS HOW TO PARTY.

...I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.
IF WE KEEP COMING BACK, THEN WHY ARE THERE NEW FISTS?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THOSE ANCIENT FISTS, THE DEAD ONES TIGRA AND I MET?* WHY DIDN'T THEY COME BACK?
BECAUSE OUR RESURRECTIONS HAVE LIMITS, SPECTOR.
THEY ALWAYS HAVE.
WHEN OUR FATHER, KHONSHU, RESURRECTS US, OUR BODIES RETURN. STRONG, UNHARMED, READY TO DO THE NIGHTTIME VIOLENCE THAT IS HIS WORK.
*IN MOON KNIGHT #12. --TOM
BUT EACH TIME WE RETURN, IT IS OUR MINDS THAT SUFFER.
EACH TIME WE ARE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE, WE LOSE A LITTLE MORE OF OURSELVES.
UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT.
NOTHING BUT FERAL VIOLENCE AND RAW INSTINCT.

SO THAT'S IT?

THAT'S *ALL* WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO? DYING, BEING BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE, RINSING AND REPEATING UNTIL WE'RE *FERAL PSYCHOTICS?*

OF COURSE.

IT'S AN *HONOR.*

WE ARE GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE *EVERYTHING* OF OURSELVES IN SERVICE TO OUR FATHER. FOR *JUSTICE.*

NOTHING IS WASTED IN DEATH. UNTIL *NOW.*

KHONSHU SURE DID A *NUMBER* ON YOU, BROTHER.

INDEED.

HE GAVE ME LIFE, GAVE ME *DIVINE PURPOSE.* GAVE ME THE TOOLS AND OPPORTUNITY TO REVENGE MYSELF UPON MY MURDERERS.

WHAT A *MONSTER.*

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, DOC?
ME?
COME ON. LET'S NOT DANCE AROUND.
YOU'RE NOT A MAN.
YOU'RE MADE OF FELT, HOLLOW INSIDE.
YOU'RE CALLING ME A PUPPET.
GOT IT IN ONE.
AND I KNOW WHO'S GOT THEIR HAND UP YOUR BACK END.
MOON KNIGHT. MARC SPECTOR.
I DID MY RESEARCH BEFORE I SET OUT TO DANCE WITH MOON KNIGHT.
YOU TWO, YOU AND SPECTOR, THINK I'M A PSYCHO KILLER.
WELL...
"...IT WASN'T ME WHO TOURED THE THIRD WORLD WITH A KALASHNIKOV IN MY YOUNGER YEARS WITH DUCHAMP AND SPECTOR."

THERE.
RIGHT WHERE THEY SAID IT WOULD BE.
THIS IS *BIZARRE.*
NO. THIS IS *SUBTERRANEA.*

INTERESTING.
DO YOU BELIEVE THIS IS YOUR TERRITORY ALSO?
FROM THE HEAVENS ABOVE TO THE BONES OF THE EARTH BELOW.
IT'S ALL THE PROVINCE OF THE MIDNIGHT MISSION...
"...IF A TRAVELER BY NIGHT ASKS FOR HELP."
LET'S CRACK SOME SKULLS.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE, DOC? JUST A BUNCH OF FELLAS, ROLLING AROUND, COMMITTING WAR CRIMES?
WHAT WAS *HE* LIKE, BEFORE HE WAS *MOON KNIGHT?*

I'M NOT GOING TO *INDULGE* YOU IN THIS, ZODIAC.

HAD TO HAVE BEEN *BAD* OUT THERE.
REAL BAD, I BET.
BACK WHEN I WAS *TERRY*, I WAS IN THE MISSION ALL THE TIME.
I *SAW* THE GUILT ON HIM. HOW IT *WEIGHED* HIM *DOWN.*

DEAD END, ZODIAC.
HOW ABOUT WE DISCUSS SOMETHING *ELSE?*

LIKE A TON OF *BRICKS.*
TELL ME, DOC...

...WHY DON'T I SEE THAT SAME GUILT WEIGHING *YOU* DOWN?

AIN'T GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS. THESE THINGS STINK...
UGGKK!
WHAMM
YOU THINK YOU CAN HIDE FROM THE MOON'S GAZE, BENEATH SO MANY TONS OF EARTH AND STONE.
BUT I BRING THE MOON'S VIOLENCE WHEREVER IT IS NEEDED.

SURPRISINGLY *PIOUS* COMING FROM *YOU*, BROTHER.

I'VE GOT THEM IN MY SIGHTS--

ALLOW ME MY *VERSES*, BROTHER.

I *ENJOY* THEM.

AAGGGHH!

CHUNKK

THUMP

"GUILT?"

I'VE MADE A STUDY OF GUILT.
AS A DOCTOR, AS A THERAPIST, I'VE COME TO UNDERSTAND HOW TO HELP OTHERS, HELP MYSELF WITH IT. WITH MY PAST.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, ZODIAC?
I DON'T BELIEVE IN IT.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GUILT?
NAH. THERE'S NO POINT TO IT. OR RATHER, THERE IS A POINT TO GUILT BUT NOT ONE I RECOGNIZE.
GUILT IS THE CUDGEL OF SOCIETAL CONDITIONING.
AN INSIDIOUS PUNISHMENT THAT THE WORLD HAS TRAINED US TO INFLICT UPON OURSELVES.
TRAINED US TO TOLERATE A SECRET POLICEMAN IN OUR OWN SKULLS, ONE OF OUR OWN MAKING.
I HATE COPS.
AND I WON'T TOLERATE ONE IN MY OWN HEAD, EVEN IF IT'S WEARING MY OWN FACE.
I KILLED THAT COP--THAT COP IN MY HEAD NAMED "OFFICER GUILT."
AND WHEN I SAW IT HAD MY FACE, I GOT A NEW ONE.
AND A NEW NAME TO GO WITH IT.

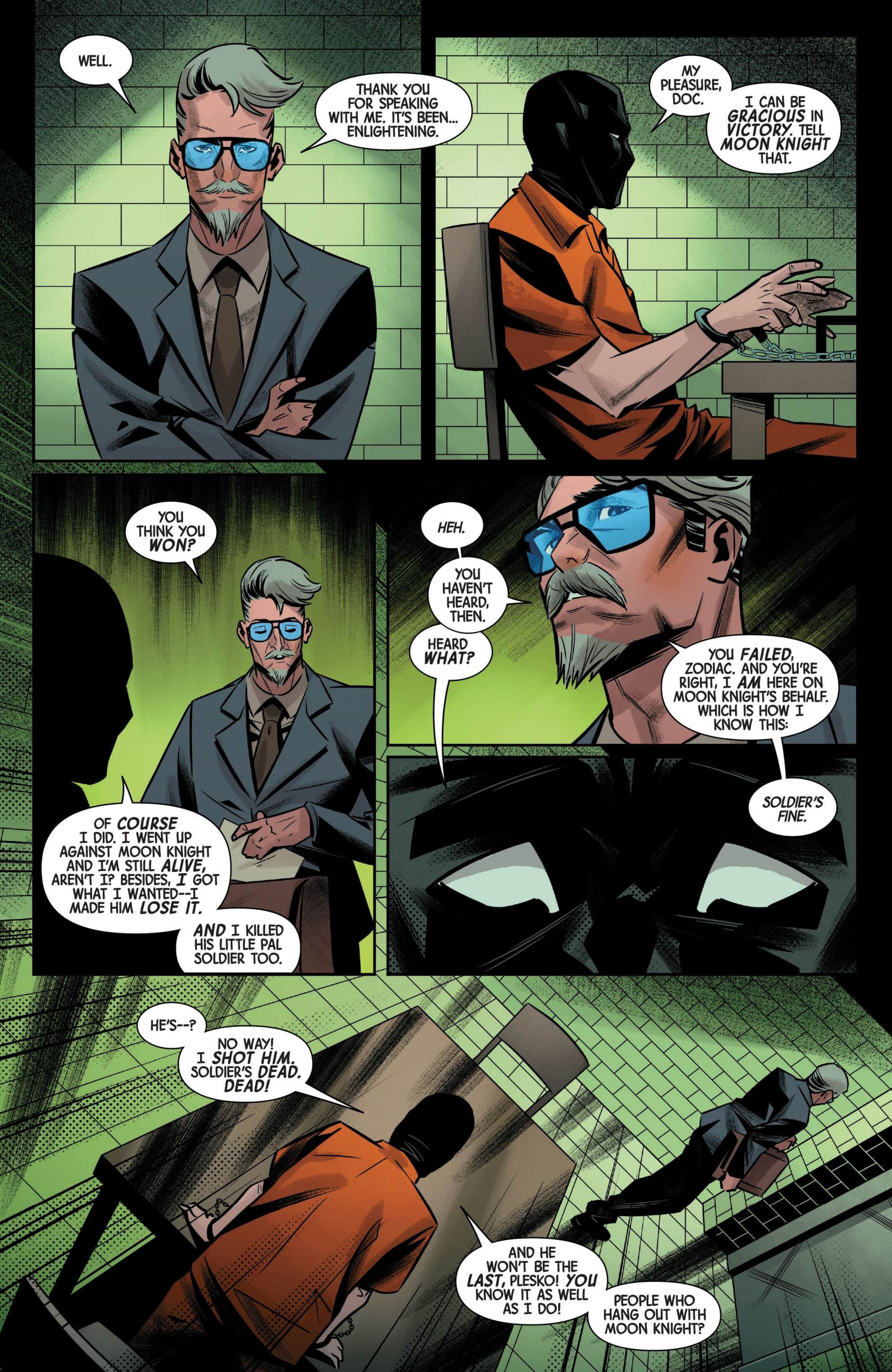
"AND NOW I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP THE GOOD WORK *GOING*."

WHAMMM
UHHDD!
WELL, WELL.
WE MEET AGAIN...
...COMMODORE DONNY PLANET.
AYE, LADDIE.
FITTING, I THINK, THAT I SHOULD MEET YOU AGAIN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.
MY BONNY APPARITION...
...ALREADY AT THE BOTTOM OF A GRAVE!

GO ON, LADDIE.
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT AND YOUR BEST SHOT AFTER THAT.
I'LL WEATHER THEM ALL...
"...AND SEE YOU DEAD AFTER!"
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE, PLANET--?
URKK!
COMMODORE, IF YOU PLEASE, APPARITION!
PERHAPS GHOSTS NEED NO CAPITAL, BUT WORK IS EVER THE CURSE OF THE LIVING!
WHO--
--URKKK--
--IS THE JOB FOR?
I'D CHISEL IT 'PON YOUR TOMBSTONE, DEAR APPARITION, IF I KNEW.

THAT'S--URGH--ALL I WANTED TO--UGH--KNOW.
HIS EARS, BROTHER.
KRKK
HRNN.
WH
AM
NICE SAVE, HUNTER'S MOON.
THAT WAS FOOLHARDY, MOON KNIGHT.
YOU CANNOT BE SO CAVALIER WITH YOUR LIFE.
PFF.
WHAT WOULD HE DO? KILL ME?
NOTHING NEW.

YOU NEED TO LISTEN TO ME, BROTHER. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL NIGHT.
MY LATEST RESURRECTION WAS...TAXING. I DID NOT COME BACK AS I SHOULD HAVE, NOT WHOLLY.
IMPRISONED, OUR FATHER'S POWER HAS WANED. HE MUST BE FREE TO WORK HIS MIRACLES.
HE SENT ME BACK WITH A MESSAGE:
"THE NEXT TIME ONE OF MY SONS DIES WHILE I AM IMPRISONED...
"...I CANNOT RESURRECT HIM."


WELL.
THANK YOU FOR SPEAKING WITH ME. IT'S BEEN... ENLIGHTENING.
MY PLEASURE, DOC.
I CAN BE GRACIOUS IN VICTORY. TELL MOON KNIGHT THAT.
YOU THINK YOU WON?
OF COURSE I DID. I WENT UP AGAINST MOON KNIGHT AND I'M STILL ALIVE, AREN'T I? BESIDES, I GOT WHAT I WANTED--I MADE HIM LOSE IT.
AND I KILLED HIS LITTLE PAL SOLDIER TOO.
HEH.
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, THEN.
HEARD WHAT?
YOU FAILED, ZODIAC. AND YOU'RE RIGHT, I AM HERE ON MOON KNIGHT'S BEHALF. WHICH IS HOW I KNOW THIS:
SOLDIER'S FINE.
HE'S--?
NO WAY! I SHOT HIM. SOLDIER'S DEAD. DEAD!
AND HE WON'T BE THE LAST, PLESKO! YOU KNOW IT AS WELL AS I DO!
PEOPLE WHO HANG OUT WITH MOON KNIGHT?

"THEY END UP DEAD TOO!
"DEAD, YOU HEAR ME?!"

YAAAH!
JUST--
--JUST TELL ME WHO SENT YOU!
WAS IT T.H.E.M.? THE SKRULLS? THE DRAGON TONG?
WHO WAS IT?
I NEED TO KNOW THAT I WAS RIGHT!
YOU DIE TONIGHT BECAUSE THE VOICE DEMANDS IT. THAT'S IT.
THE GHOST IN THE TELEPHONE.
YOU NEVER MATTERED.
NONE OF US EVER MATTERED.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
No. 2.
~~Junior Birdman.~~

JUST GOT WORD FROM YOUR COP, FLINT.
WARREN TORK-- JUNIOR BIRDMAN--
--HE'S DEAD.

DAMN IT--

--WHO'S NEXT?!

*MARC SPECTOR: MOON KNIGHT #60. --TOM

"THIS IS MY FAULT."

SPECTOR.

THIS IS HUNTER'S MOON.

I AM AT THE HOME OF JAIME VASQUEZ.

SIGNS OF STRUGGLE...

AH.

THEY WERE HERE *FIRST.*

I AM SORRY.

NYPD

No. 4. ~~Sheriff~~.

THIS IS TIGRA.
I GOT KIM HONG AT HER PLACE, SHE'S FINE.
WE'RE ON THE MOVE TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.
No. 6. Scout.
SO, THEY'RE DEAD?! SHERIFF AND JUNIOR BIRDMAN ARE DEAD?
YEAH.
SO ARE FINGERS AND MERCY. SORRY.
SOMEONE'S COMING AFTER YOU ALL.
BUT WHO?
I HAVEN'T WORKED FOR MOON KNIGHT IN YEARS!
GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, BABE:
I DON'T THINK THEY CARE.

COME ON, PICK UP, PICK UP--
HELLO, MARC.
HOW ARE--?
PLESKO, WHERE ARE YOU?
WHY, I'M AT HOME, MARC--
I'M ALMOST THERE. LOCK THE DOORS, BARRICADE THEM, THEY COULD BE THERE ANY MOMENT--
"THEY"? MARC, WHAT IS HAPPENING?
SOMEONE'S ASSASSINATING EVERYONE FROM THE SHADOW CABINET, SIGMUND.
I DON'T KNOW WHO, BUT I'M TRYING TO FIND EVERYONE LEFT--

No. 5.
~~Sigmund.~~

KRASHH

DAMN IT, YOU DIDN'T DESERVE THIS...
REESE, I LOST SIGMUND.

I--
I'M SORRY, MARC. I KNOW YOU WERE CLOSE.
WE... WE WENT WAY BACK. I'LL MOURN LATER.
Reception
GOOD NEWS, SOLDIER GOT PENNY ANNIE HERE SAFELY, AND HE'S BACK OUT ON THE STREETS AFTER THE NEXT ONE.
NO WORD ON SKITTER-- SURPRISING LITERALLY NO ONE, THE X-MEN AREN'T TAKING MY CALLS, BUT IF SHE'S A MUTANT, THEN SHE'S PROBABLY SAFE ON KRAKOA?

DON G DIED YEARS GO.
PSYCHO'S BEEN IN A COMA... BUT APPARENTLY, HE'S DISAPPEARED?
I NEED TO KNOW WHO'S NEXT!

MARC--
OH MY GOD, I GOT IT.
LISTEN, I NEED TO TALK TO JAKE.
JAKE?!
DAMN IT, HUMOR ME.
FINE.
HRRN.

HEYA, KID.
HOW YOU HOLDING UP WITH ALL THIS MESHUGGAAS?
BEEN BETTER, JAKE.
DO YOU KNOW THE ADDRESSES MARC GAVE ME FOR ALL THE SHADOW CABINET MEMBERS?
YEAH, I MEAN, SURE. BUT HOW'S THAT GOING TO HELP--?
YOU'RE A NEW YORK CABBIE, JAKE.
THINK ABOUT THE ADDRESSES, THE KILLS...
...TELL ME THE ROUTE THE KILLERS ARE TAKING!
AH.

I SEE IT.

THEY'VE GOT A KILL LIST.
AND THEY'RE TRYING TO HIT EVERYONE IN ONE NIGHT BEFORE WE CAN REACT.
WHICH MEANS THAT YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY'VE GOT A ROUTE...
SO MERCY WAS FIRST...THEN ON TO JUNIOR BIRDMAN... THEN FINGERS...AND THEN SHERIFF...
BUT SIGMUND... SIGMUND'S NOT ON THE ROUTE.
BUT THEY GOT HIM WITH A BOMB, RIGHT? SO THEY DIDN'T NEED TO BE THERE.
NO
NS
YEAH. MAKES SENSE.
WHICH MEANS SCOUT IS NEXT.
Park Ave
BUT SCOUT IS HERE.
THAT'S RIGHT.
TALK TO YOU LATER, KID.
I'M TOSSING IT BACK TO MARC.

"TRYING TO WORK THIS GLIDER CAPE SCARES THE DICKENS OUT OF ME."

NO, I'M *NOT* GOING IN HALF-COCKED AGAIN.

I'M COLD AS ICE. I'M FINE.

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT *WHO* THEY ARE BEFORE I *TAKE* THEM.

KA-CHIK

"AND I WILL TAKE THEM."

IF I HAD KNOWN YOU LONGER--

--YOU MIGHT BE A LITTLE STRONGER--

--MAYBE YOU'D SHOOT STRAIGHTER THAN YOU DO-OOO...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

GO FOR 8-BALL!

I'VE SENT YOU A PHOTO, 8-BALL.

YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHO'S IN IT.

OR I'M COMING TO YOUR PLACE NEXT.

MOON KNIGHT?!

AAAAGH!

...8-BALL?

--MADE ME DROP MY PHONE, DAMN IT, MOON KNIGHT--

SURE, SURE, WHATEVER YOU WANT, JUST DON'T COME OVER AND RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD SATURDAY NIGHT...

...

...NO WAY, ARE YOU KIDDING ME? THEM?

KRNCHH

THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

THE HARLEQUIN HIT MEN.
YOU FOUGHT SPEEDBALL, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

8-BALL CALLED YOU A COUPLE OF JOKES.
8-BALL.
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

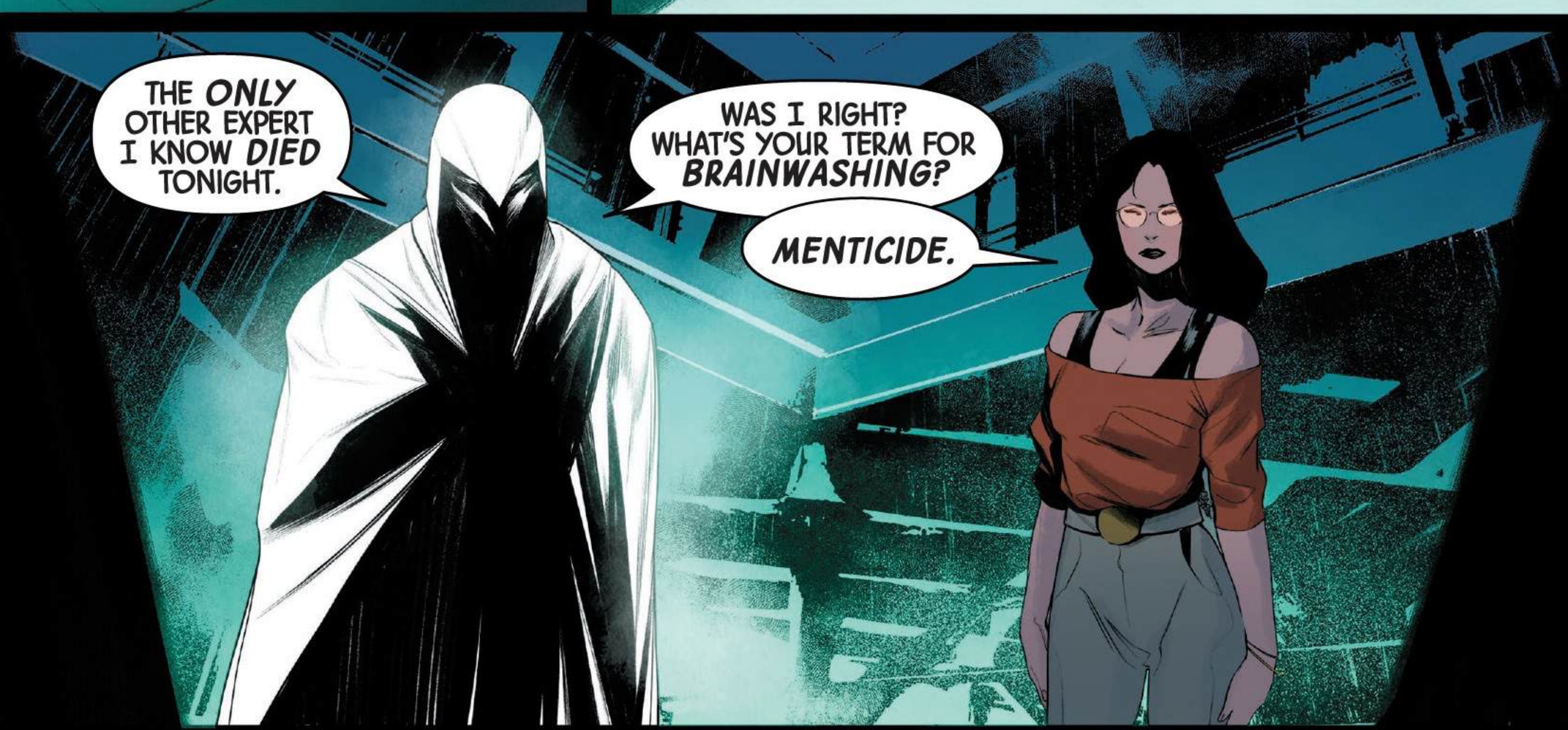
AND THEN YOU COME AND KILL MY PEOPLE.
RELOADING.
TINK TINK TINK

YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHO SENT YOU.
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHO'S COMING AFTER ME.
NONE OF THIS IS ABOUT *YOU*, MOON KNIGHT.
NONE OF THIS MEANS *ANYTHING.*
OUR ORDERS COME FROM *BEYOND THE GRAVE.*
THE *GHOST* IN THE *TELEPHONE*, MOON KNIGHT.
KRNCH
THIS IS BEYOND WANT. BEYOND *DESIRE.*
WE'RE NOT *PEOPLE.*
WHEN THE *GHOST* CALLS, WE'RE JUST *WEAPONS.*
THERE IS NOTHING AFTER DEATH!
JUST THE GHOST IN THE TELEPHONE!
AND THE GHOST DEMANDS *COMPANY!*

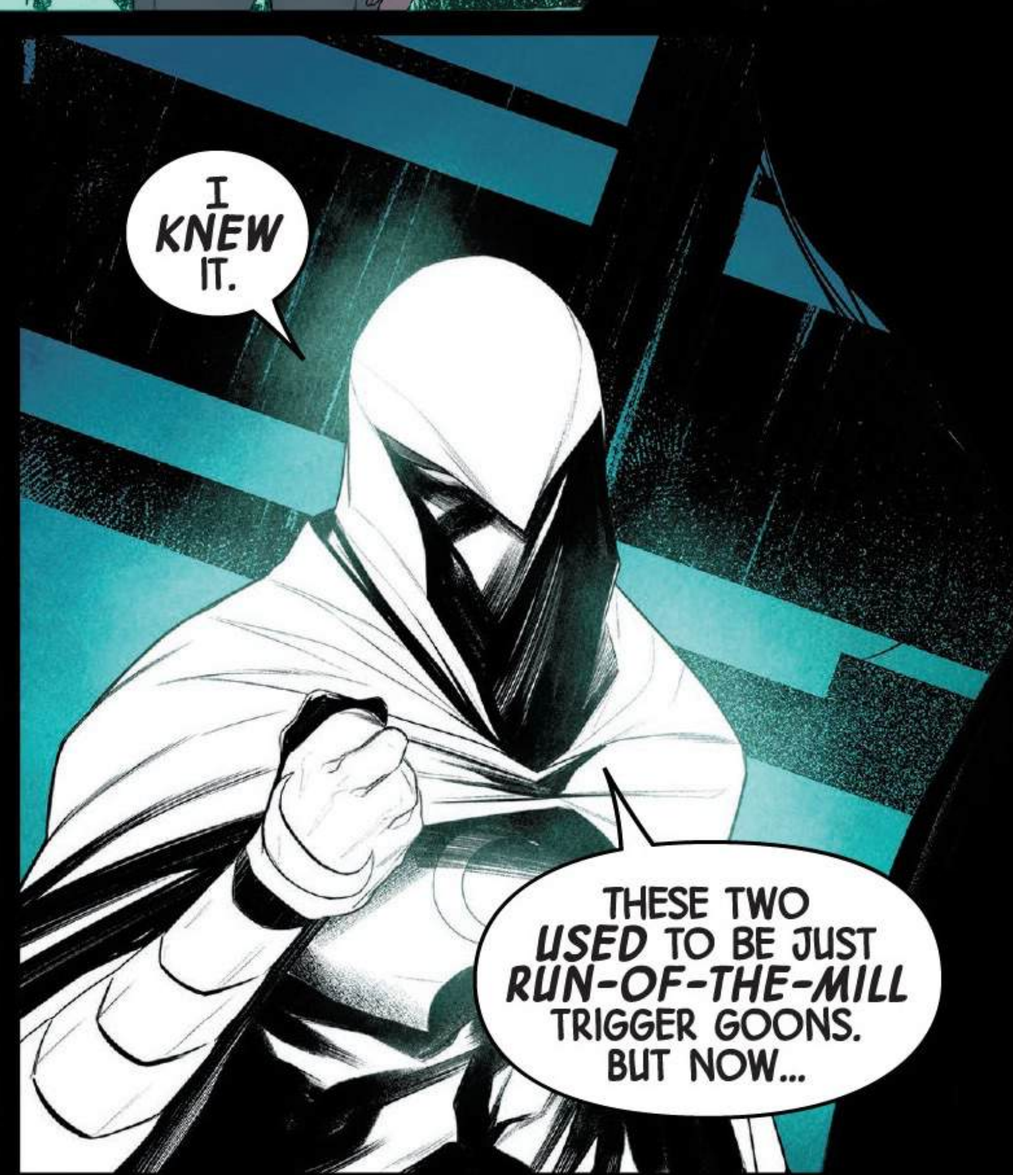
I AM A GHOST.
I AM A WEAPON.
AND THE GHOST IN THE TELEPHONE ISN'T SAFE FROM ME.
NO ONE IS.

"I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT THIS, MARC."

I KNOW, DR. STERMAN.
BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANYONE ELSE TO TURN TO.


THE ONLY OTHER EXPERT I KNOW DIED TONIGHT.
WAS I RIGHT? WHAT'S YOUR TERM FOR BRAINWASHING?
MENTICIDE.

MIND-DEATH. THE EROSION OF AN INDIVIDUAL'S VALUES, PERSONALITY, WILL.
AND YES, YOU WERE RIGHT. THESE TWO HAVE BEEN BADLY PSYCHOLOGICALLY DAMAGED BY SOMETHING OR SOMEONE.


I KNEW IT.
THESE TWO USED TO BE JUST RUN-OF-THE-MILL TRIGGER GOONS. BUT NOW...

BEFORE I TELL YOU ANYTHING FURTHER, I'M GOING TO INSIST ON YOUR PROMISE THAT YOU RELEASE THEM TO ME AND LET THE POLICE HANDLE THEM.
I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR CREW, MARC.
I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU.

IF I DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW WHAT THEY KNOW, THEY'D BE DEAD-- THEY KILLED MY FRIEND--
MARC.

I--
OF COURSE. RIGHT. WHATEVER YOU WANT.
AS I SAID, YOU WERE RIGHT.

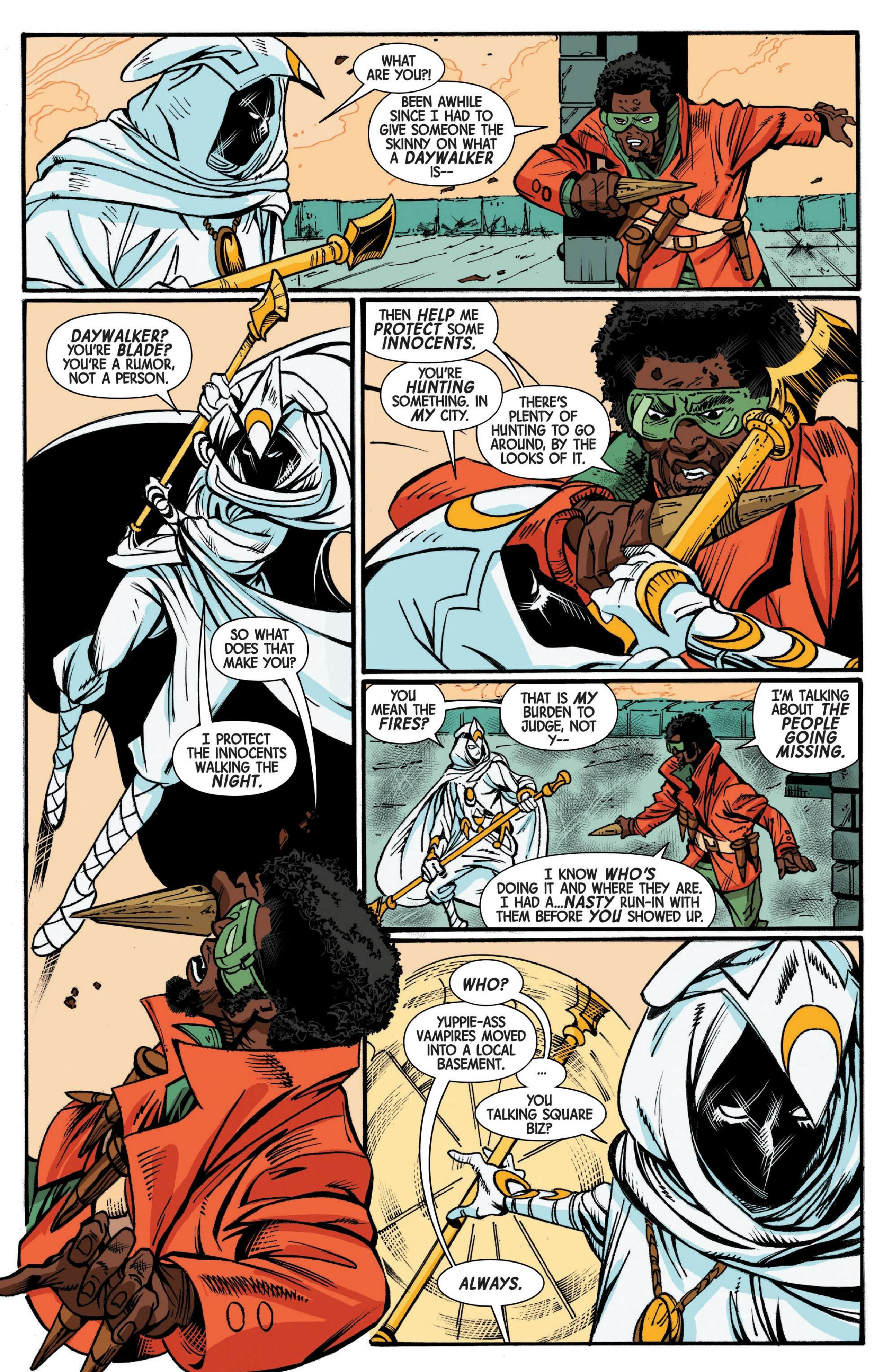
THEIR MINDS HAVE BEEN CORED OUT, AND THEIR PERSONALITIES COMPLETELY SUBORNED TO THIS "GHOST IN THE TELEPHONE."
FROM WHAT I CAN GATHER, IT WASN'T DONE WITH DRUGS, BUT ONLY CONTINUED THERAPY WILL UNRAVEL WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO THEM.

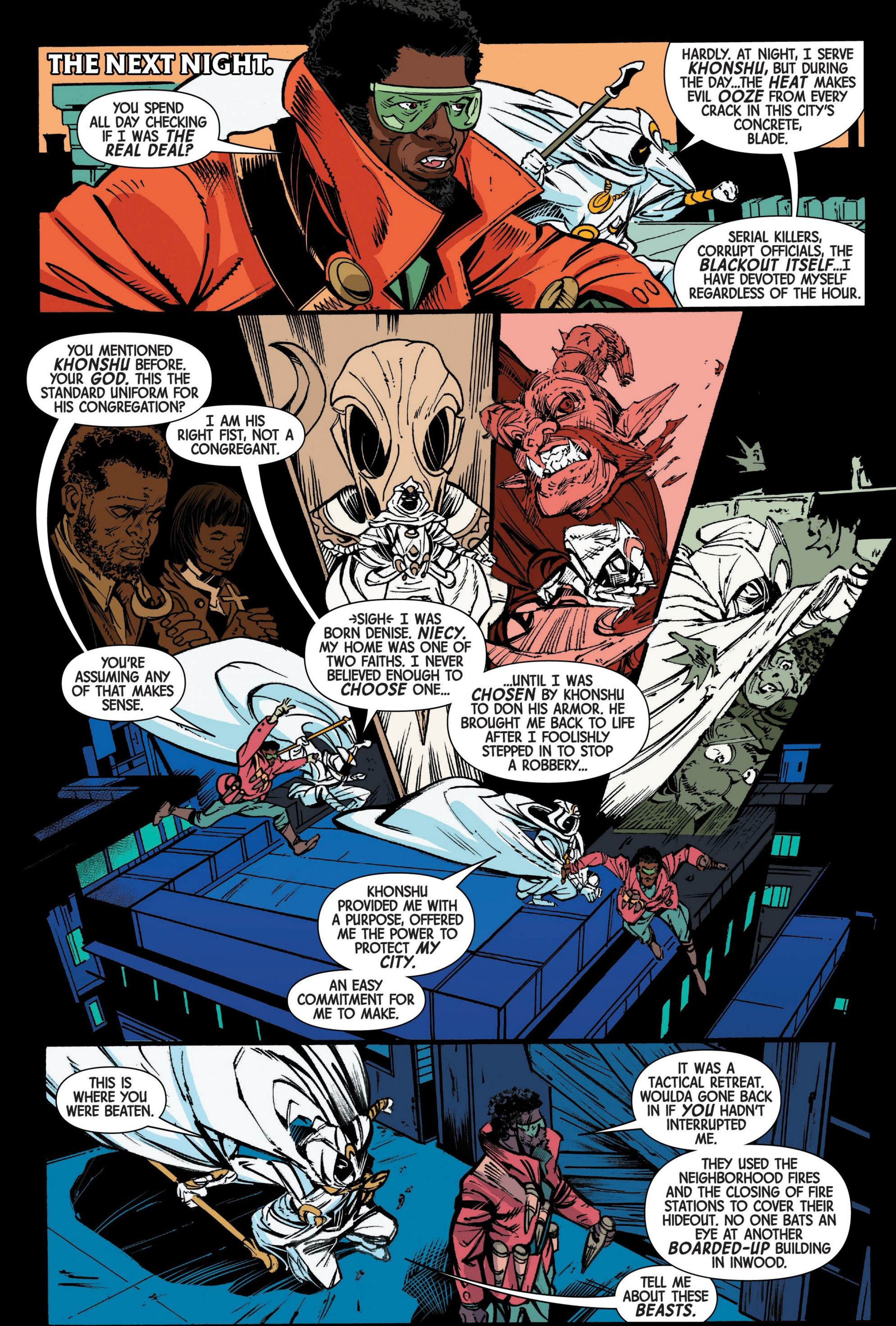
I NEED TO KNOW.
FIVE PEOPLE DIED TONIGHT, AND FOR WHAT? WHY?

THOSE TWO AREN'T THE ONLY ONES TAKING ORDERS FROM THE DEAD.
MY OWN DEAD ARE SCREAMING AT ME FOR ANSWERS, DR. STERMAN. FOR VENGEANCE.
JAIME VASQUEZ. SHERIFF.
WARREN TORK. JUNIOR BIRDMAN.
THOMAS HANEY. FINGERS.
HANNAH TRUMBULL. MERCY.
ROBERT PLESKO. SIGMUND.
AND I OWE THEM. I OWE THEM ALL.
TAKE THE HIT MEN, DR. STERMAN. THEY'RE ALL YOURS.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION, PRESENT DAY.
MY APOLOGIES FOR ASKING--
"--BUT I NEED A FAVOR, BLADE."
INWOOD, NEW YORK CITY, SUMMER OF 1977.
"MOON DEBT"
AH #$%--!
KRR-
SPAK
YOU ARE ALREADY DEAD, MONSTER--
SHNNNNK

--BUT I WILL GLADLY FINISH THE JOB!
LADY, YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG!
NO, I DON'T.
SLAM
I WAS FIGHTING VAMPIRES, NOT PARTYING WITH 'EM--
OOF!
YOU THINK I-- OR KHONSHU-- CARE ABOUT YOUR PETTY TERRITORIAL SQUABBLES?
THE HORRID FLAMES BURNING MY CITY HID HOW CLOSE SUNRISE WAS, YOU MONSTER.
OUR FIGHT'S GONE ON LONG ENOUGH THAT NOW I CAN JUST WATCH YOU...
...BURN...?
YOU DONE TRIPPIN' OVER HALF-TRUTHS SO I CAN SAY MY PIECE?


WHAT ARE YOU?!
BEEN AWHILE SINCE I HAD TO GIVE SOMEONE THE SKINNY ON WHAT A DAYWALKER IS--
DAYWALKER? YOU'RE BLADE? YOU'RE A RUMOR, NOT A PERSON.
SO WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU?
I PROTECT THE INNOCENTS WALKING THE NIGHT.
THEN HELP ME PROTECT SOME INNOCENTS.
YOU'RE HUNTING SOMETHING. IN MY CITY.
THERE'S PLENTY OF HUNTING TO GO AROUND, BY THE LOOKS OF IT.
YOU MEAN THE FIRES?
THAT IS MY BURDEN TO JUDGE, NOT Y--
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE PEOPLE GOING MISSING.
I KNOW WHO'S DOING IT AND WHERE THEY ARE. I HAD A...NASTY RUN-IN WITH THEM BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP.
WHO?
YUPPIE-ASS VAMPIRES MOVED INTO A LOCAL BASEMENT.
...
YOU TALKING SQUARE BIZ?
ALWAYS.


THE NEXT NIGHT.
YOU SPEND ALL DAY CHECKING IF I WAS *THE REAL DEAL?*
HARDLY. AT NIGHT, I SERVE *KHONSHU*, BUT DURING THE DAY...THE *HEAT* MAKES EVIL *OOZE* FROM EVERY CRACK IN THIS CITY'S CONCRETE, BLADE.
SERIAL KILLERS, CORRUPT OFFICIALS, THE *BLACKOUT ITSELF*...I HAVE DEVOTED MYSELF REGARDLESS OF THE HOUR.
YOU MENTIONED *KHONSHU* BEFORE. YOUR *GOD*. THIS THE STANDARD UNIFORM FOR HIS CONGREGATION?
I AM HIS RIGHT FIST, NOT A CONGREGANT.
YOU'RE ASSUMING ANY OF THAT MAKES SENSE.
→SIGH← I WAS BORN DENISE. *NIECY*. MY HOME WAS ONE OF TWO FAITHS. I NEVER BELIEVED ENOUGH TO *CHOOSE* ONE...
...UNTIL I WAS *CHOSEN* BY KHONSHU TO DON HIS ARMOR. HE BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE AFTER I FOOLISHLY STEPPED IN TO STOP A ROBBERY...
KHONSHU PROVIDED ME WITH A PURPOSE, OFFERED ME THE POWER TO PROTECT *MY CITY*.
AN EASY COMMITMENT FOR ME TO MAKE.
THIS IS WHERE YOU WERE BEATEN.
IT WAS A TACTICAL RETREAT. WOULDA GONE BACK IN IF *YOU* HADN'T INTERRUPTED ME.
THEY USED THE NEIGHBORHOOD FIRES AND THE CLOSING OF FIRE STATIONS TO COVER THEIR HIDEOUT. NO ONE BATS AN EYE AT ANOTHER *BOARDED-UP* BUILDING IN INWOOD.
TELL ME ABOUT THESE *BEASTS*.

"THEY'VE BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE, FAR AS I CAN TELL, BUT WITH THE INCREASED TENSION AND THE FIRES, THESE PUNKS HAVE GONE FROM BOLD TO *SLOPPY*.

PHIL! GOT US THAT PLACE IN THE HEIGHTS?

COUPLE OF GEEZERS LEFT TO DEAL WITH.

BRING 'EM IN FOR A TALK AND DRAIN 'EM DRY.

TEN-FOUR, BOSS!

SO I SAYS TO HER, "YOU MAY BE A LOOKER, BUT NOT ENOUGH THAT I WANNA SPEND *ETERNITY* WITH YOU"...

"THEY STARTED TO PUT *BIDS* IN FOR SOME OF THE BUILDINGS THEY'VE FINISHED FEEDING FROM, JOINED THE NASTY CREW OF FOLK PAYING HOODLUMS TO BURN 'EM DOWN ON THE CHEAP.

NIGEL, PAL, TELL ME YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING GOOD!

GOT A FRESH COUPLE OF MEALS IN THE CAGES.

YOU *LOVE* TO SEE IT! LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR FUTURE LATER. GOT A PROMOTION WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.

Y-YEAH, CHAD! *COOL BEANS!*

"TRACED THEIR BUSINESS DEALINGS TO SHELL COMPANIES, WHICH LED ME TO THEIR CURRENT ADDRESS, AND THAT LED TO OUR LITTLE...'DISCO' LAST NIGHT."

THE HELL IS THIS?

...THEY'RE CALLED *RECORDS*--

I *KNOW* WHAT A RECORD IS, BEEN AROUND A FEW DECADES NOW.

WHY ARE YOU *WASTING GENERATOR POWER*?

VIBE'S OFF WITHOUT TUNES IS ALL--

IS IT THE LACK OF MUSIC?

OR IS IT THAT YOU'RE DOWN A FEW "EMPLOYEES"?

WHA--?

SERIOUSLY? YOU AGAIN?

YOU THINK 'CAUSE YOU STAKED A COUPLE OF GOOFBALL NEW RECRUITS, YOU'RE IMPRESSIVE?

YOU'VE GOTTA BE A *REAL* SPACE CADET IF YOU THINK WE WON'T THROW YOU OUT AGA--

SKRRR-RITCH

YOU WERE RIGHT, *CHAD*. THE RECORD PLAYER *IS* A WASTE OF POWER.

SKSKSKSKSKSK
HISSSSS
WE'RE MORE THAN CAPABLE OF HELPING YOU GET YOUR GROOVE ON.
LET'S BOOGIE.

YOU FIGHT WITH STOLEN STAMINA AND STRENGTH.
HOW LONG HAVE YOU KILLED MY PEOPLE?!

YOU ALL PICKED THE WRONG NEIGHBORHOOD.
BASH
SHOULDA KEPT ON STEPPIN'...

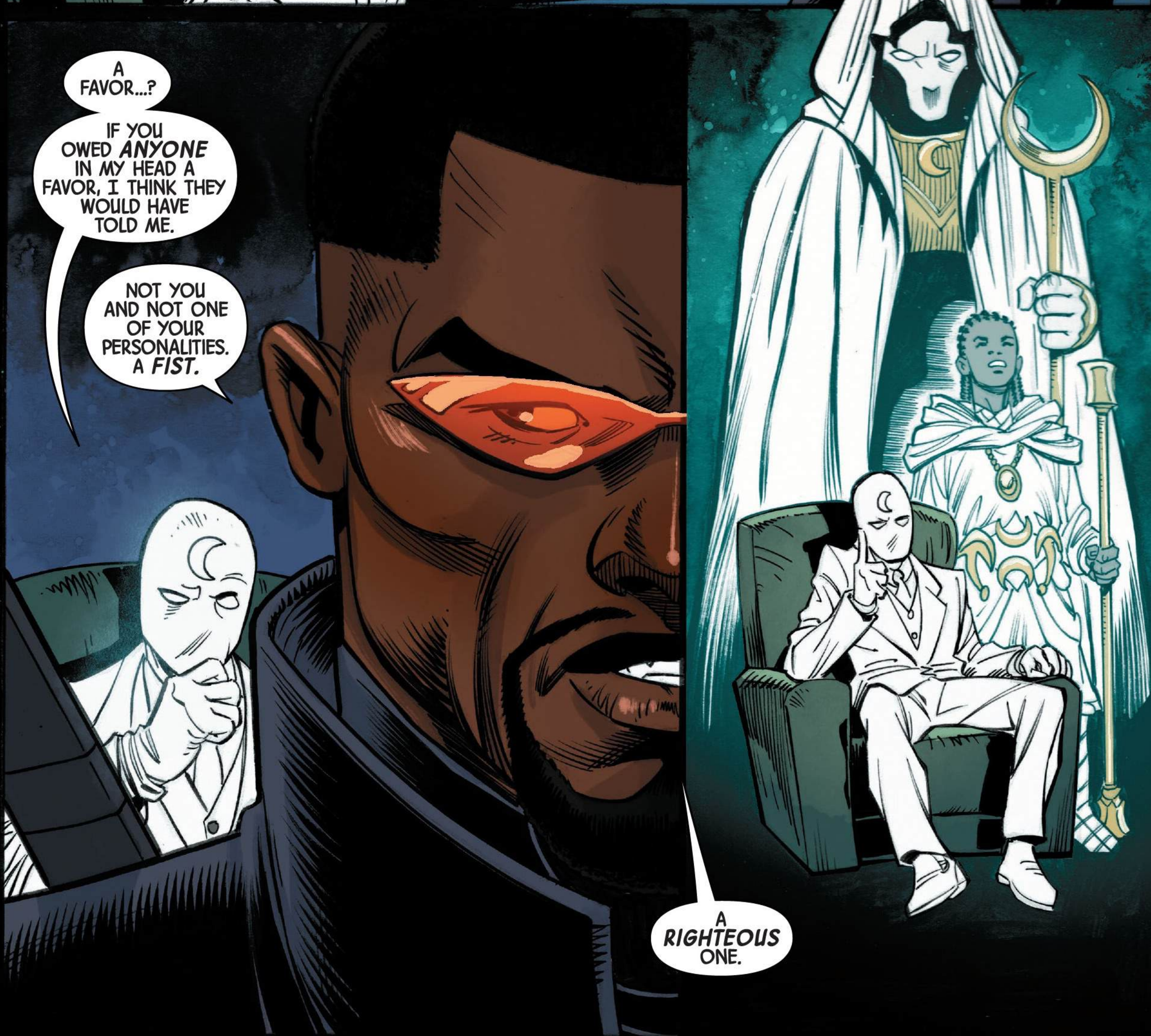
FLOOSH
AAAAH!

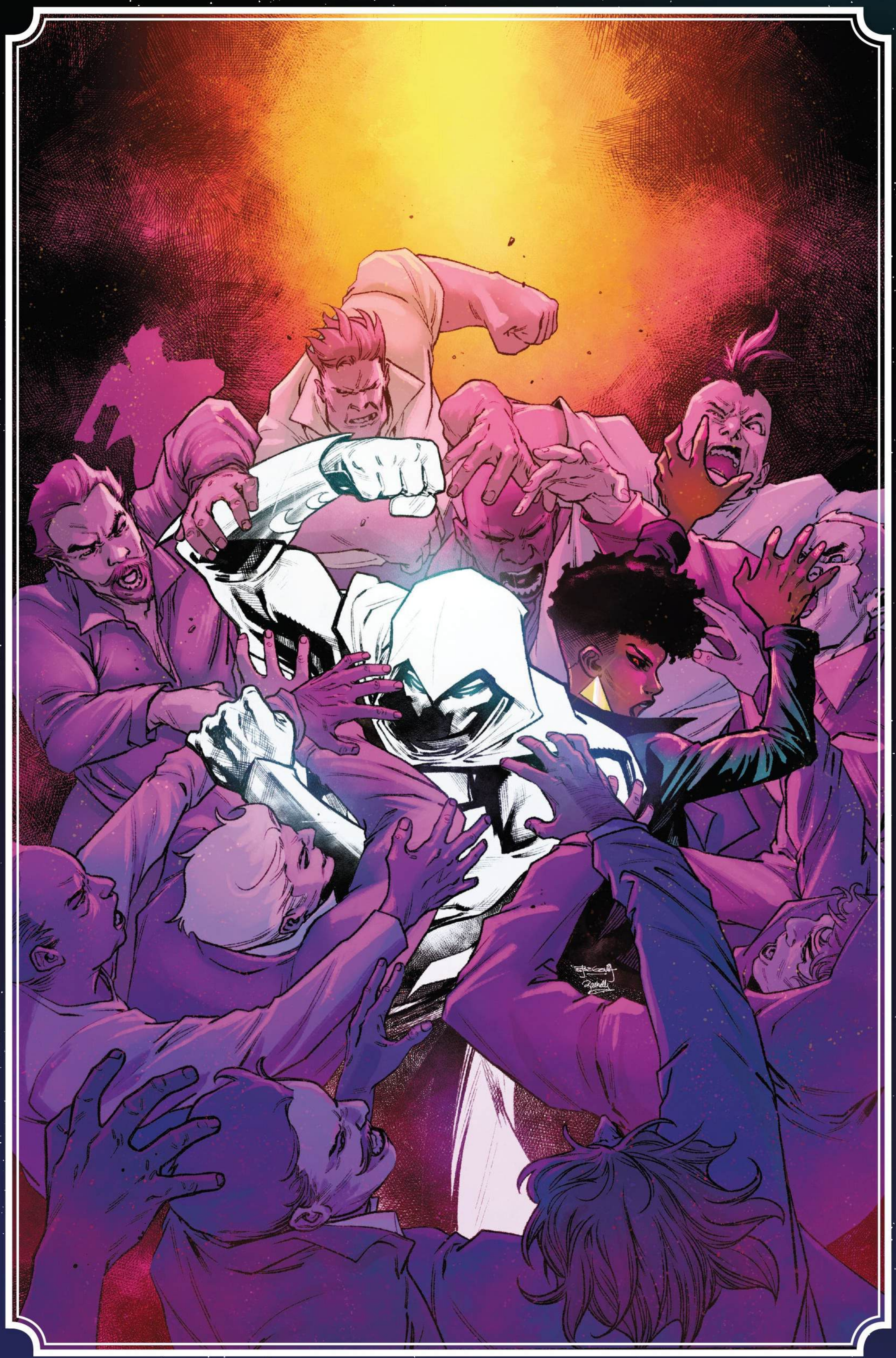
LOOKS LIKE THEY WEREN'T THE ONLY GOOFS IN HERE, HUH?

TIME TO SHUT DOWN YOUR WHOLE OPERATION!
RRR-AARGH!
N-N-NUUUHHH!
YOU WERE SO YOUNG... MAY KHONSHU SHEPHERD YOU TO--
THAT'S ALL OF THEM, NIECY--
NO, IT ISN'T, DAYWALKER.
I THOUGHT WE WERE ON THE SAME SIDE.
I PROMISED NOTHING. NOT TO A BLOODSUCKER--
RECONSIDER THIS.
IT NEVER ENDS WITH YOUR KIND! YOU CREEP INTO OUR WORLDS AND OUR HOMES, AND HUMANS DIE.
I SWORE TO KHONSHU I WOULD DO ALL I CAN TO PROTECT THEM, I GAVE MYSELF TO THAT PURPOSE, AND STILL...
I'VE BEEN THERE.
THE HELL YOU HAVE.
NEVER HITCHED MYSELF TO A GOD, BUT THIS MISSION, THIS FIGHT? THIS IS IT FOR ME.
IF YOU'RE GONNA TRY TO KILL ME, DO IT NOW, BUT THEN THERE'S ONE LESS OF US OUT THERE FIGHTING AGAINST EVIL.
BUT YOU LEAVE ME WALKING AND TALKING...I'M IN YOUR DEBT.
THE DEBT IS NOT MINE. IF I LET YOU LIVE, IT'S KHONSHU'S.
KHONSHU DIDN'T HELP ME TONIGHT. HIS FIST DID.
TO HIS FIST, THEN.
"I NEED A FAVOR, BLADE."

IT'S REESE. A YOUNG VAMPIRE WHO WORKS WITH ME. I CAN'T TEACH HER HOW TO BE A VAMPIRE, AND THERE AREN'T ANY OTHERS I TRUST, BUT--
SHE READY TO START?

WHENEVER YOU ARE. BUT...
...JUST LIKE THAT? YOU'RE NOT USUALLY SO... GAME.
CONSIDER IT A FAVOR I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO PAY BACK FOR A WHILE.


A FAVOR...?
IF YOU OWED ANYONE IN MY HEAD A FAVOR, I THINK THEY WOULD HAVE TOLD ME.
NOT YOU AND NOT ONE OF YOUR PERSONALITIES. A FIST.
A RIGHTEOUS ONE.



21 LET'S DANCE

I'M GOING TO *STAY.*

NO, YOU'RE NOT, MARC. LET ME *TALK* TO HER--THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT HER HERE IN THE *FIRST* PLACE.

IT'S *HIM!* HE'S *BACK,* AND HE TRIED TO *KILL* HER, AND I'M GOING TO *MAKE HIM DISAPPEAR--*

IT'S OKAY, DR. STERMAN.

HE CAN STAY. HE SHOULD STAY. HE WAS THERE--WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THIS.

FOUR HOURS AGO.
"WE WERE GOING TO GO OUT DANCING.
UGH.
DO YOU EVER GET USED TO THE TASTE?
"I'D FINALLY CONNED SOLDIER INTO DOING SOMETHING OTHER THAN MIDNIGHT MISSION BUSINESS.
IN MY LIMITED EXPERIENCE, SOLDIER? NO, YOU DO NOT.
TOP UP.
NO THANKS, REESE.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH.
"HE NEEDED IT.
NO, YOU HAVEN'T.
FIRST RULE OF THE RESPONSIBLE VAMPIRE:
YOU DON'T GO HANG OUT AROUND HUMANS WITHOUT A FULL BELLY.
SO TOP UP.

SOLDIER!

REESE FINALLY GOT YOU OUT OF YOUR CRYPT, HUH?

UH, YEAH. I GUESS.

GIVE HIM A BREAK, TEDDY. SMILING DOESN'T COME NATURAL TO HIM.

HEY, SHANNON.

OKAY.

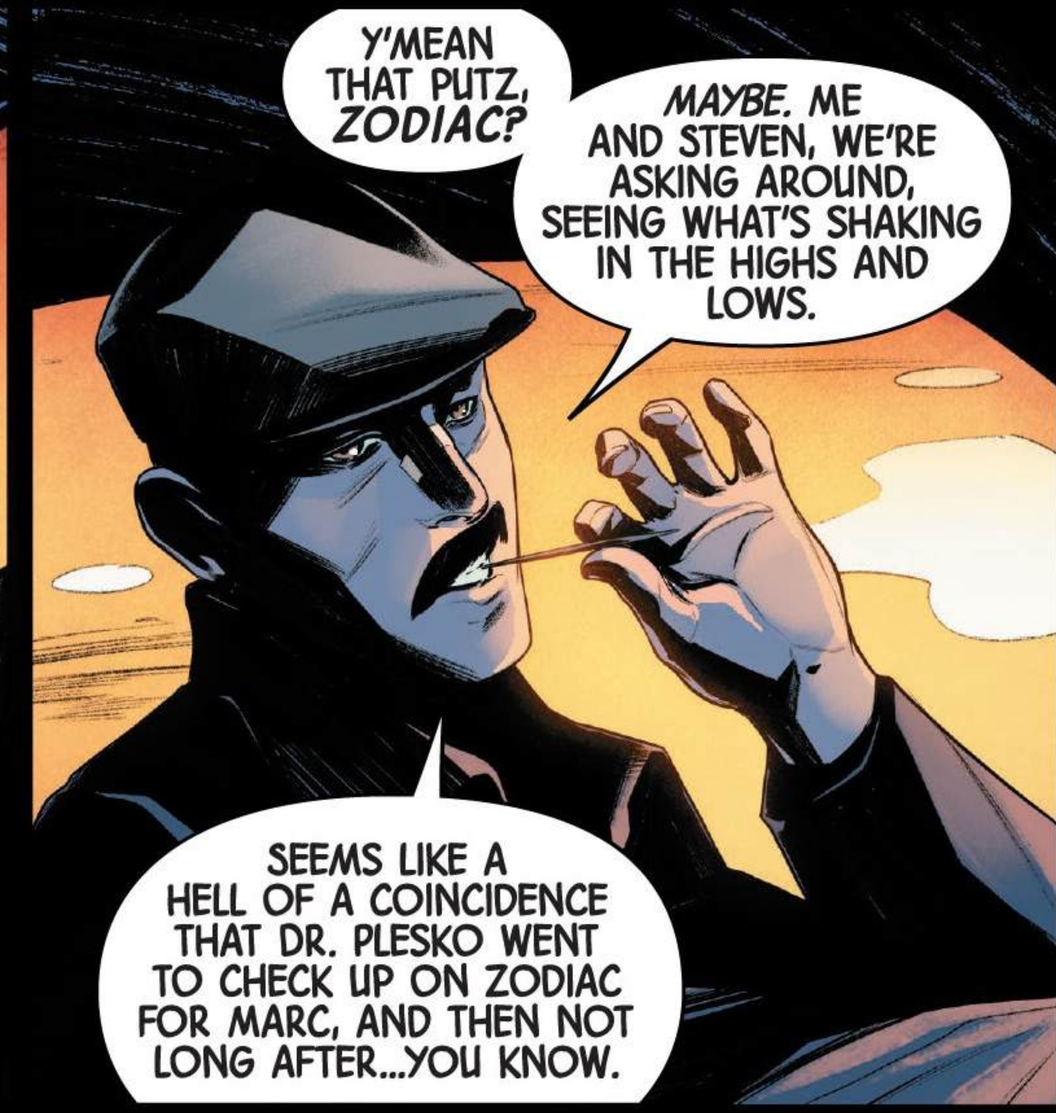
NOW WE JUST NEED--

HEY, HEY!

YOUR CHARIOT AWAITS, KIDDOS!
AW, HEY, JAKE.
UH, THANKS FOR THE RIDE, BOSS.
YOU GOT ME CONFUSED WITH MARC, KID.
JAKE LOCKLEY'S NO ONE'S BOSS!
JAKE LOCKLEY IS FOR THE PEOPLE!
SKREEEE

HOW'S HE DOING?
AW, YOU KNOW MARC. HE'S ANGRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE SHADOW CABINET, TO SIGMUND--DR. PLESKO.
THEY WENT WAY BACK.

DOES HE...
...DOES HE THINK IT WAS... HIM?


Y'MEAN THAT PUTZ, ZODIAC?
MAYBE. ME AND STEVEN, WE'RE ASKING AROUND, SEEING WHAT'S SHAKING IN THE HIGHS AND LOWS.
SEEMS LIKE A HELL OF A COINCIDENCE THAT DR. PLESKO WENT TO CHECK UP ON ZODIAC FOR MARC, AND THEN NOT LONG AFTER...YOU KNOW.

BUT HEY! NO NEED FOR YOU KIDS TO FRET ABOUT IT.
YOU'RE GOING OUT DANCING!
LIVING LIFE! AND OLD JAKE'S FOUND YOU THE HOTTEST TICKET IN TOWN!
LEAVE THE WORRIES TO ME AND THE BOYS, OR MAYBE JUST THE BOYS--I DON'T WORRY IF I CAN HELP IT.

DOES A NUMBER ON MY ULCER.

"IT WAS THE KIND OF THING I DID BEFORE... YOU KNOW.
"SINCE THEN, TEDDY AND SHANNON AND I WERE GETTING BACK INTO GOING OUT...

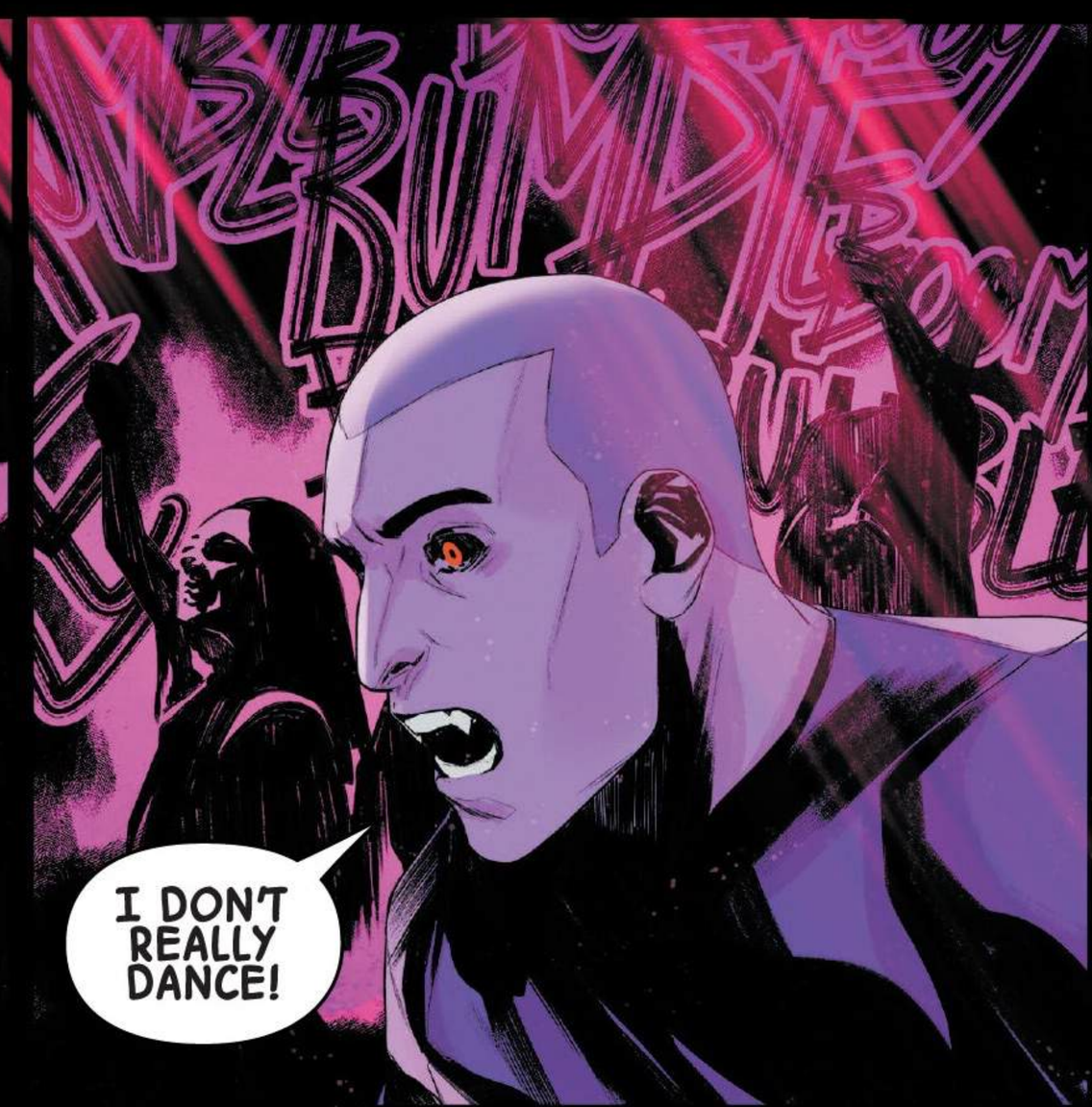
"...AND AS JAKE KNEW EVERY BOUNCER IN TOWN, GETTING IN WASN'T A PROBLEM.

"IT WAS DIFFERENT, OF COURSE. NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.
HAVE FUN, KIDS.
OH, FOR-- YES, MARC, IT'S IN THE TRUNK. RELAX.

"I COULD SEE IN THE DARK.
"I COULD SMELL THE LIFE IN EVERY PERSON AROUND ME, HEAR THE BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS, FEEL EVERY CLENCH OF THEIR HEARTS.

"AND I COULD HEAR HOW EVERY HUMAN BODY THERE RESPONDED TO THE MUSIC.
"HEARTBEATS ALIGNING TO THE BASS SHAKING THEIR BLOOD, RATTLING THEIR LUNGS.
"EVERYONE THERE, ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH, THE SAME RHYTHM. LIKE *ONE INSTINCT* SHARING A *THOUSAND BODIES.*
"IT WAS *ALMOST* ENOUGH TO MAKE ME FORGET THAT *MY OWN* HEART DOESN'T BEAT.
"THAT ANY BLOOD IN MY VEINS WASN'T MY OWN.
"THAT I HAD TO REMIND MYSELF TO *BREATHE* SO THAT I COULD TALK.
"ALMOST ENOUGH FOR ME. FOR US.
"OR *ALMOST* ALL OF US.

DANCE, YOU GOON!


I DON'T REALLY DANCE!

OH YES, YOU DO!
BECAUSE YOU TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM *MR. KNIGHT!* AND WHEN *HE'S* NOT AROUND, WHO DO *YOU* THINK IS IN CHARGE?
UH... TIGRA?
THAT'S RIGHT! *ME!* SO DANCE, SOLDIER! THAT'S AN ORDER!

"SOLDIER'S EX-HYDRA. GOT BEAT UP BY SENIORS, BEAT UP BY ZODIAC, *KILLED* BY ZODIAC, ENDED UP AS A VAMPIRE. YOU BOTH KNOW THAT.

"HE DOESN'T *CARE* ABOUT HIS *LIFE* OR *WHATEVER* YOU WANT TO CALL IT.
"WHETHER HE'S MAKING UP FOR THE PAST OR JUST NEEDS SOMEONE TO FOLLOW, ALL HE THINKS ABOUT IS *DUTY.*
"GOD, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS *REAL NAME.*

"THAT'S NO WAY FOR SOMEONE TO LIVE. OR UNLIVE. WHATEVER.
"*THAT'S* WHY WE TOOK HIM OUT DANCING WITH US.

"IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A *COSTUME-PARTY* THING.

THAT CAN'T BE GOOD...

WHAT?

THAT CAN'T BE GOOD!

"WE HAD BEEN MADE, OR *REMADE*, TO *HUNT* AND *KILL* AT *NIGHT*.

"SO EVEN ACROSS THE WAREHOUSE, EVEN WITH THE DARK AND THE LIGHTS...

"...I COULD SEE *HIM*.

"I COULD SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING.

"I JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW *BAD* IT WOULD BE.

"IT WAS THE RECORD.
"IT DID SOMETHING TO THEM.
"BUT NOT US.
"THE SOUND...IT MADE THEM SCREAM IN PAIN. AT FIRST.

"THEN IT MADE THEM TRY TO KILL ONE ANOTHER.
WHAT--
--WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IT'S-- IT'S THE MUSIC!
SOMEONE TOOK OUT THE DJ, AND NOW HE'S DOING THIS!
YAAHHH!
REESE!

"AND THEN *YOU* WERE THERE.

RAAAGHH!

WHAT THE HELL ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU TWO WERE *SAFE!*

SO WHAT'S YOUR PLAN *NOW?*

FIGHT OUR WAY OUT.

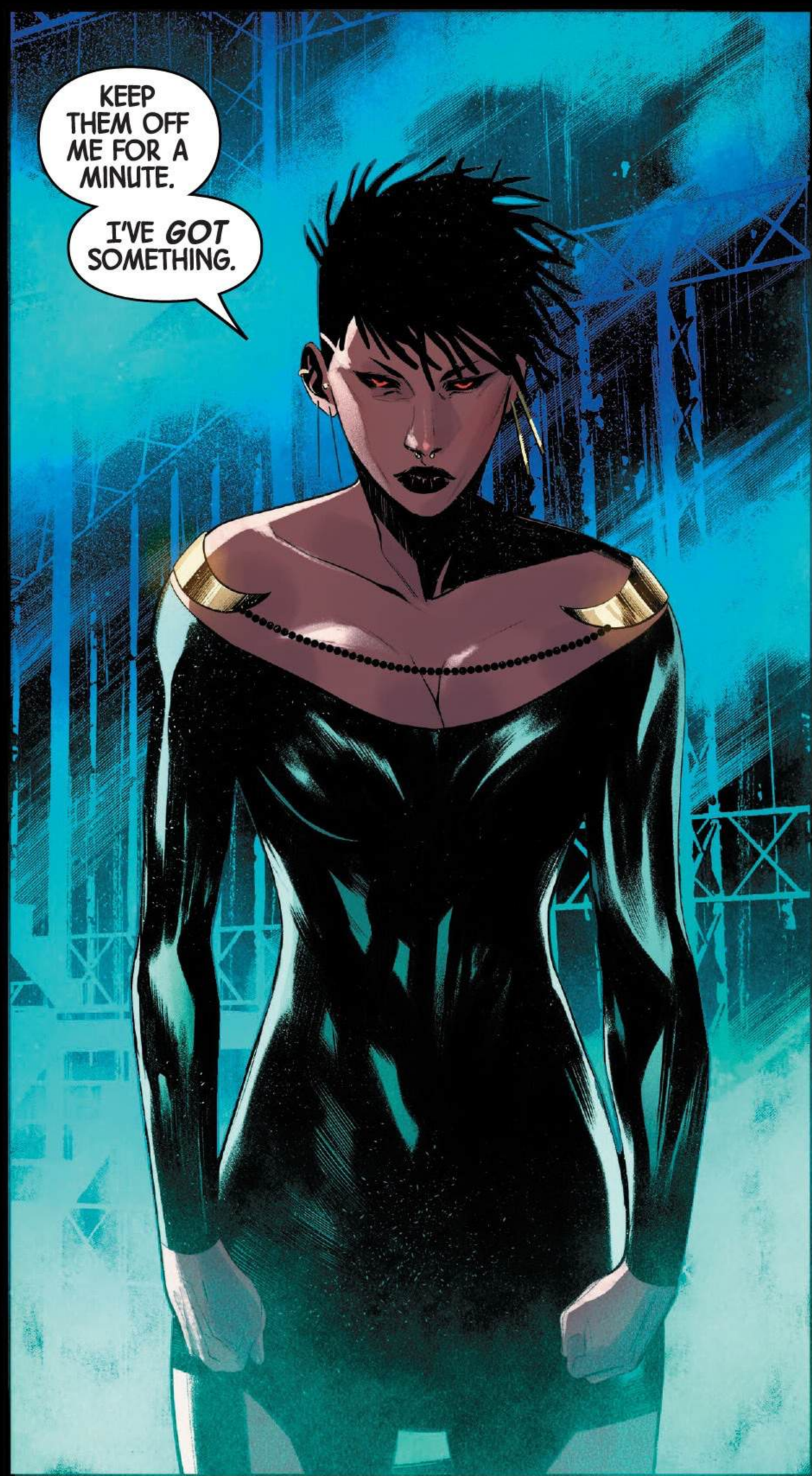
SOLDIER AND I CAN CLEAR A PATH TO THE DOOR.

THESE PEOPLE ARE INNOCENT, MARC!

WE CAN'T JUST KEEP HURTING THEM!

AND THE MORE BLOOD SPILLED, THE MORE LIKELY IT IS THAT ONE OF US FREAKS OUT!

WHAT DO *YOU* SUGGEST?


KEEP THEM OFF ME FOR A MINUTE.
I'VE *GOT* SOMETHING.

YOU KNOW HOW YOU GOT ERIC--*BLADE*--TO COACH ME ON BEING A VAMPIRE?

I'M A QUICK STUDY.

"IT WASN'T THAT EASY, OF COURSE.
"OR RATHER...
"...IT WAS A LITTLE *TOO* EASY.
I *THINK* ABOUT IT...AND IT *HAPPENS.* IT'S SIMPLE. WOW.
OF *COURSE* IT IS.
LETTING GO LIKE THAT, TO LET YOUR MOLECULES *DISSOCIATE,* TO FORGET *COHERENCE*...WHY, IT'S THE EASIEST THING IN THE *WORLD.*
THE HARD PART IS BRINGING IT ALL BACK *TOGETHER.*
YOU MEAN I COULD JUST TURN INTO SMOKE AND *BLOW AWAY?* FOREVER?
SO I'M TOLD. I'M NOT *REALLY* A VAMPIRE, SO I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE.
BUT YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR *WITS* ABOUT YOU, KID.
BECAUSE THE *VAMPIRE UNLIFE'S* GOT PLENTY OF FUN TRICKS...BUT IT PLAYS FOR *KEEPS.*
"*THANKS* FOR THAT, BY THE WAY.
"GETTING ME THE WORLD'S TOP *VAMPIRE HUNTER* FOR *MY TEACHER. REAL* GREAT THINKING.

OKAY.
GET IT TOGETHER. GET IT TO--

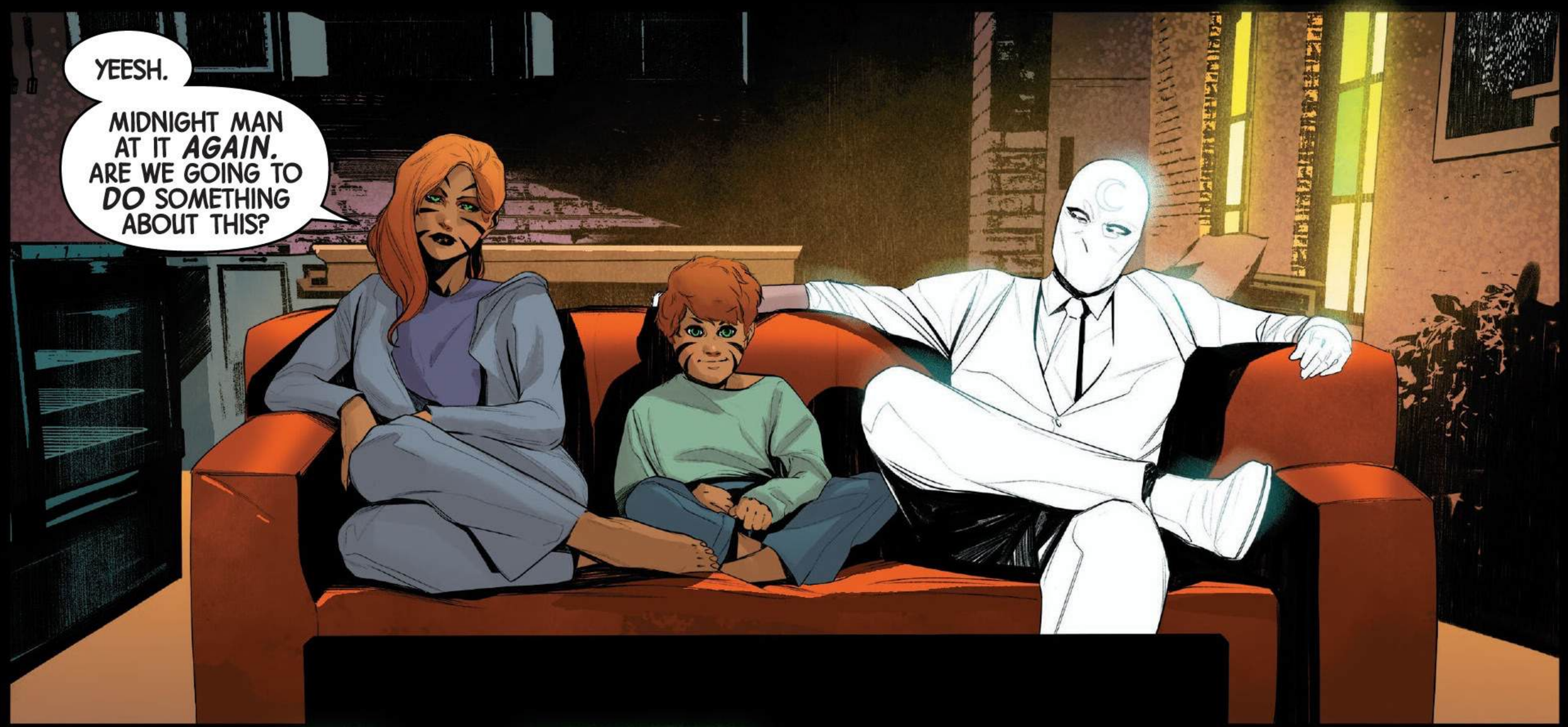
--GETHER--

CRESH!!
"AND JUST LIKE THAT...

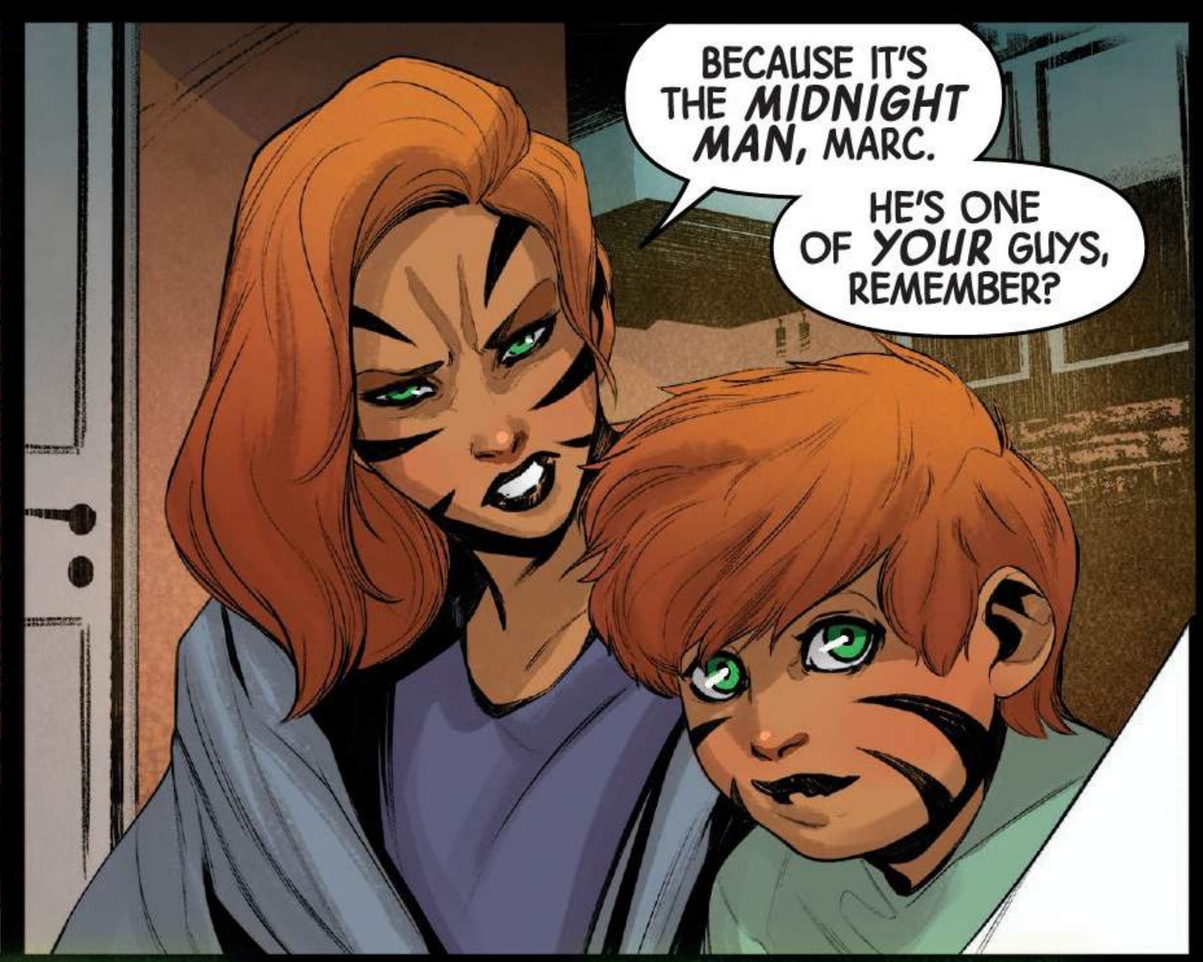
...IT'S OVER.
IT'S JUST BEGUN.
CHA-CHICK
GAAAAH!
BOOM
GUHHH...
"WHATEVER. NO STAKES, NO SILVER, I WAS FINE.
"I WAS LUCKY: AT LEAST SIX PEOPLE DIED, AND DOZENS MORE WERE INJURED. BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT WORSE OTHERWISE.
"BUT HERE'S THE THING--"

MAYBE IT *WAS* ZODIAC.
BUT THIS... THIS THING, IT WASN'T *TARGETED.* IT WASN'T JUST TO GET *ME* OR *SOLDIER* OR TEDDY AND SHANNON.
THINK ABOUT IT--*WE* DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE WERE GOING. *JAKE* SAID HE'D FIND US A PARTY.
IT WAS AN *ACCIDENT* THAT WE WERE ALL THERE.
BUT I THINK IT'S *CONNECTED.*
THE ONES WHO KILLED YOUR FRIENDS, THEY WERE BRAINWASHED. BY THE *GHOST IN THE TELEPHONE.* THE PEOPLE AT THE PARTY WERE DRIVEN CRAZY BY A *RECORD.*
SOMEONE'S *EXPERIMENTING.* USING *SOUND* AS A *CONTROL WEAPON.*
AUDITORY MENTICIDE. IT TRACKS.
REESE AND HER FRIENDS POSSESS POSTHUMAN/POSTVITAL PHYSIOLOGY, SO THEY WERE UNAFFECTED. AND YOUR *OWN* ALTERED BRAIN STRUCTURE...
TONIGHT WAS A *TEST.*
PROOF OF CONCEPT. WHICH MEANS *ONE THING.*
"THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER."

THE MIDNIGHT MAN IS BACK.


YEESH.
MIDNIGHT MAN AT IT *AGAIN.* ARE WE GOING TO *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?

I WASN'T *PLANNING* ON IT.
WHY?

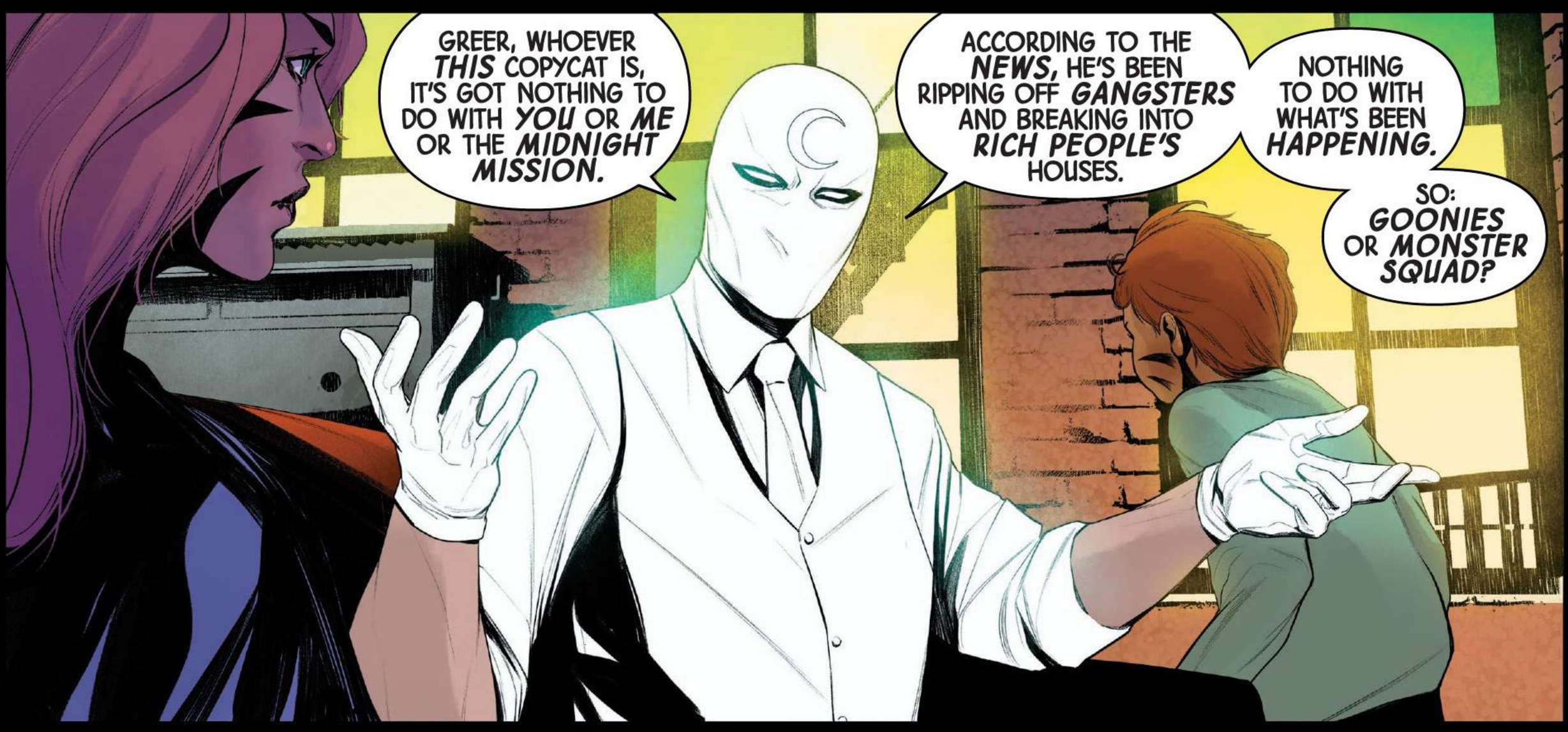

BECAUSE IT'S THE *MIDNIGHT MAN,* MARC.
HE'S ONE OF *YOUR* GUYS, REMEMBER?

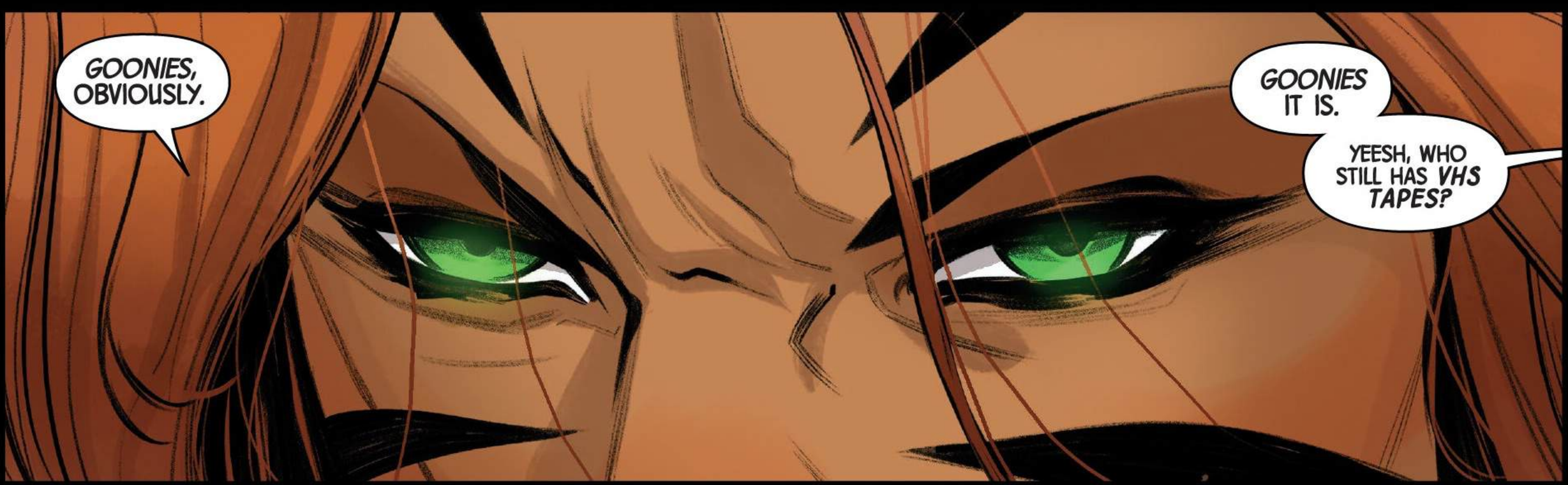
TWO OF "MY GUYS," ACTUALLY.
ANTON MOGART AND LATER, HIS SON, JEFF WILDE.
BOTH OF WHOM, I'LL POINT OUT, I SAW *DIE.*
JEFF, I *KILLED.*

MARC, YOU CAN'T KEEP SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT AROUND MY KID.

OH, WILLIAM'S OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW THE SAUSAGE IS MADE. AREN'T YOU, BOY?
UH, MAYBE?
MOM, WHY DOES MARC ALWAYS WEAR A MASK?
WELL, WILLIAM, YOU SEE--

OH GOD, BABY. DON'T GET HIM STARTED.
GO ON TO THE KITCHEN AND GET SOME PORK RINDS, WILL YOU?
PORK RINDS?!
OKAY!


GREER, WHOEVER THIS COPYCAT IS, IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR ME OR THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.
ACCORDING TO THE NEWS, HE'S BEEN RIPPING OFF GANGSTERS AND BREAKING INTO RICH PEOPLE'S HOUSES.
NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING.
SO: GOONIES OR MONSTER SQUAD?


GOONIES, OBVIOUSLY.
GOONIES IT IS.
YEESH, WHO STILL HAS VHS TAPES?

I STILL HAVE TAPES.

I *LIKE* THEM. I LIKE WATCHING TAPES WITH MY KID, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW *I* WATCHED MOVIES WITH *MY* PARENTS WHEN *I* WAS A KID.

WHEN YOU HAVE A KID, IT'S ALL *NEW*. YOU HAVE TO GO BY *INSTINCT* A LOT OF THE TIME. BUT MY INSTINCTS ARE...*UNUSUAL*, HAVE BEEN EVER SINCE I BECAME *TIGRA, THE WERE-WOMAN.*

SO SOMETIMES? YOU STICK WITH WHAT YOU *KNOW.*

THAT, AND THEY'RE *CHEAP*, AND I'M A SINGLE MOM ON A PARTIAL AVENGERS PENSION.

INSTINCT. IT'S FUNNY.

MARC DOES HIS SUPER HERO THING OUT OF *GUILT*. GUILT AND *DEBT*, WHICH, IN HIS CASE, ARE THE SAME THING.

ME? IT'S JUST *INSTINCT.*

THIS CAT'S GOT TO *HUNT.*

AND THIS MIDNIGHT MAN THING?
IT'S GOT AHOLD OF ME.
GOT MY PREDATOR'S INSTINCT RUNNING LIKE A *CHAIN SAW.*

HEYA, *FLINT.*

ABOUT *TIME* HE GOT IN TOUCH. *MONTHS* THIS NEW MIDNIGHT MAN'S BEEN AROUND, AND *MOON KNIGHT* KEEPS HIS *HEAD DOWN?*
OH, *YOU* KNOW HOW HE IS.
DO I? BECAUSE HE SURE AS HELL HASN'T BEEN ACTING THE WAY I'M USED TO.

"THAT'S THE THING ABOUT THE MOON, FLINT. IT *CHANGES.*"
PRETTY GOOD, RIGHT?

CHILLING. SO YOU SAID ON THE PHONE THAT YOU'RE WORKING TOGETHER?
YEAH, I'M A CARD-CARRYING MIDNIGHT MISSIONARY. SECRET DECODER RING AND EVERYTHING.
LET'S CUT TO IT. YOU GET THOSE FILES FROM YOUR COP PALS?

"YEAH.

"FOR ALL THE *GOOD* THEY'LL DO YOU."

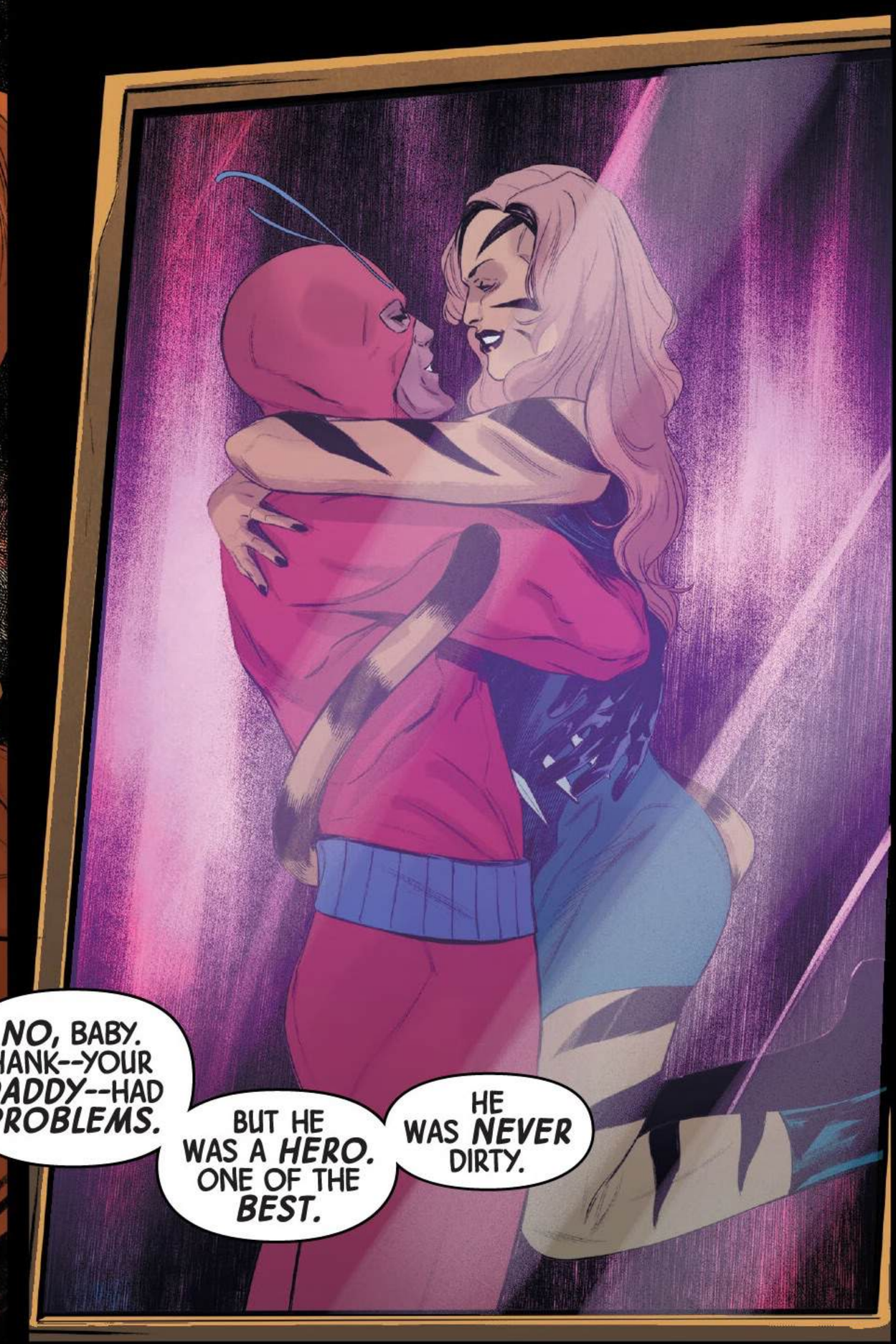
MOM, HOW COME WE'RE PINNING PAPERS TO THE *WALL?*

WON'T THE *LANDLORD* GET MAD AT US?

OKAY.
SO, MIDNIGHT MAN III APPEARS A FEW MONTHS AGO.
FOR A WHILE, HE SEEMS TO BE DOING THE *SUPER HERO* TRIP, *SORT* OF. BUSTS UP MAGGIA MEETS, BEATS UP THE BADDIES, DISAPPEARS WITH BAGS OF DIRTY CASH. GOOD RACKET.
LEAVES HIS SIGNATURE BEHIND--A CLOCK READING *MIDNIGHT.*

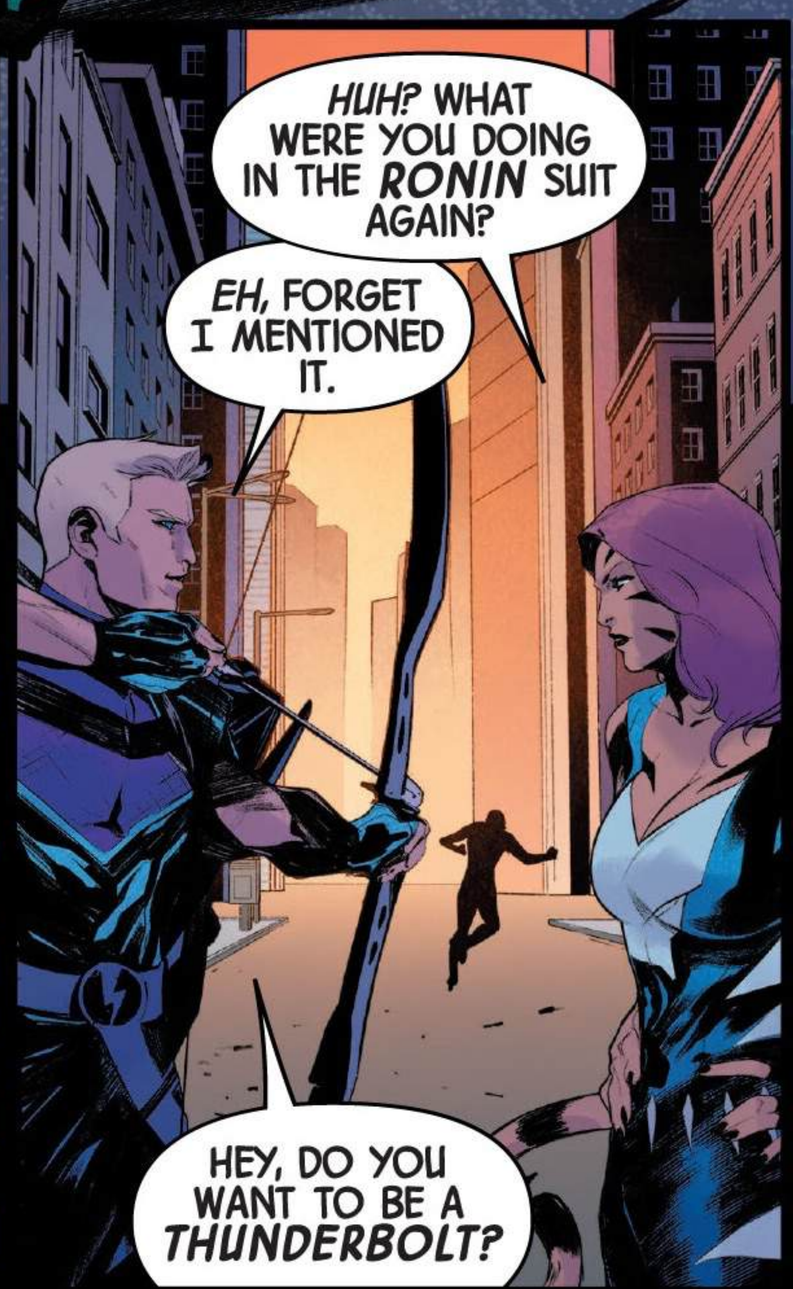
BUT THEN HE STARTS HITTING *LAW-ABIDING* CITIZENS IN THEIR HOMES.
OR RATHER, *OUTWARDLY* LAW-ABIDING. BECAUSE NO ONE GETS AS RICH AS *THESE* FOLKS DO WITHOUT BEING *DIRTY.*
DID HE STEAL *THEIR* MONEY?
NO, WILLIAM, HE DID *NOT.*

WASN'T *MY DAD* RICH?
NOW AND THEN, YEAH. HE WAS A SMART GUY, HAD A LOT OF PATENTS.
WAS *HE* DIRTY?
...


NO, BABY. HANK--YOUR *DADDY*--HAD *PROBLEMS.*
BUT HE WAS A *HERO.* ONE OF THE *BEST.*
HE WAS *NEVER* DIRTY.

ONE NIGHT LATER AND I'M HIJACKING TONY STARK'S WI-FI, THANKS TO MY OLD AVENGERS LOG-IN.
HE GETS UPLOAD SPEEDS LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE, AND I NEED TO UPDATE MY PHOTO ALBUMS OF WILLIAM TO GET MY MOM AND DAD OFF MY BACK.
AND IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S SEE *WHO* THESE RICH PEOPLE ARE...
HERE'S THE THING.
THERE'S NOT MUCH TO LINK THESE PEOPLE OTHER THAN WEALTH.
BUT SOME JUDICIOUS *GOOGLING*...
WEIRD.
...GIVES US THE CONNECTION.
ALL *FOUR* OF THE PEOPLE WHO GOT ROBBED...
...HAD THEIR PARENTS TORN APART IN A WILD-ANIMAL ATTACK YEARS AGO.
OKAY.
OKAY.

--AND MARC *DOESN'T* WANT TO GO *AFTER* HIM!
A BRAND-NEW MIDNIGHT MAN!
WEIRD.
BUT, HE'S ALWAYS *BEEN* A WEIRD GUY.
I MEAN, AREN'T WE ALL?
I GUESS.
WHAT'S UP WITH *YOU*, GLOOMY GUS?



GO TIME.

I MADE A LIST OF RICH FOLKS WHOSE PARENTS ALL DIED AT THE SAME TIME UNDER "INCREDIBLY GROTESQUE" CIRCUMSTANCES.

OF THE ONES STILL ALIVE, ONLY *ONE* HASN'T BEEN HIT BY THE MIDNIGHT MAN.

SO GUESS WHERE *I* AM?

A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED STAKEOUT.

ON MY OWN, BECAUSE I AM SO PISSED OFF AT MARC RIGHT NOW THAT MY FUR IS PRACTICALLY STANDING ON END.

BUT THAT'S *HUMAN* STUFF. EVOLVED, *BIG-BRAIN* STUFF.

AND THIS, THIS RIGHT HERE, IS *INSTINCT*. THE *HUNT*.

AND THE HUNT BELONGS TO THE TIGER.

IN THIS MOMENT, I AM EVERY PAIR OF EYES *EARLY HUMANS* SAW REFLECTING *FIRELIGHT* FROM THE *DARKNESS.*
EVERY SET OF *IVORY TEETH,* SPOTTED WITH THE BLOOD OF ANYTHING THAT DIDN'T HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO *HIDE AWAY* AT NIGHT.
EVERY ROAR IN THE DARK. EVERY HOOKED CLAW. EVERY BLOODY MUZZLE.
IN THIS MOMENT, I AM TIGRA, THE WERE-WOMAN.
AND I HAVE MY PREY.

HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE.
NOT AGAINST ME.
TIGRA, DON'T--
NOT WHEN I'M HUNTING.
TIGRA!!!
NOT WHEN I'VE GOT MY CLAWS AROUND HIS THROAT.
NOT WHEN I'VE TORN HIS FACE OFF.
HI, MARC.
DAMN IT, GREER--

YOU LIED TO ME, MARC?
YOU LIED TO MY FACE?!
YOU DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW, GREER.
LOOK, I NEEDED MONEY WHEN ZODIAC TOOK AWAY MY FUNDS. I HAD TO PAY REESE, PAY SOLDIER, PAY FOR EVERYTHING.
SO I RIPPED OFF GANGSTERS. ROBBED MAGGIA, THE GANGS, EVEN HYDRA.
MOON KNIGHT COULDN'T DO IT, NOT WITHOUT BRINGING THAT HEAT BACK TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.
SO I BROUGHT BACK THE MIDNIGHT MAN.
YEAH, MARC. I KNOW.
I WAS TALKING TO HAWKEYE--HE PULLED THE SAME STUNT. BUT HEY, STEAL FROM THE BEST, HUH?
AND THEN WHEN I NEEDED A LEAD...
ALL THOSE HOUSES--THESE PEOPLE, THEIR PARENTS BELONGED TO A GROUP CALLED THE COMMITTEE.
THEY USED TO GO AFTER JACK RUSSELL, THE WEREWOLF, BEFORE HE KILLED THEM.

THIS MASK... I REMEMBERED RUSSELL TELLING ME ABOUT IT, YEARS AGO.
THE GUY WHO TOOK OVER THE DJ BOOTH THE OTHER NIGHT--HE WAS SENT AFTER RUSSELL BY THE COMMITTEE.
AND NOW I KNOW WHO HE IS, FROM THEIR OLD FILES. SIDNEY SARNAK. SPECIALIST IN SONIC MIND CONTROL.

BUT HE'S AN ERRAND BOY, NOT THE MASTERMIND. I'M SURE OF IT.
MARC, STOP.
HE'S GOT TO BE WORKING FOR SOMEONE--
STOP.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH YOU'VE HURT ME?
WHAT?

I HAVE HAD YOUR BACK, MARC.
I FLIPPED ON THE AVENGERS FOR YOU.
AND YOU LIE TO ME? MAKE ME FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT FOR TRUSTING YOU?
LOOK, IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL--
THAT'S NOT UP TO YOU!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN SOMEONE YOU *LOVE* LIES TO YOU LIKE THIS?
WHEN THEY TREAT YOU LIKE YOU'RE A *CHUMP?*

TIGRA-- GREER--I DIDN'T *THINK*--

LIKE *I* WAS *LIED TO?*
LIKE I HAVE TO LIE TO *MY SON* ABOUT HIS *FATHER?!*

...WILLIAM?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *HANK PYM*--?

YEAH.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
WILLIAM'S FATHER WAS THE SKRULL SPY *CRITI NOLL.*
SHE HAD *REPLACED* HANK, WHEN WE WERE WORKING FOR THE INITIATIVE. BEFORE THE INVASION.

BUT THAT'S--
I KNOW WHAT THAT IS, MARC!
WHERE IS SHE?
I DON'T CARE IF SHE'S IN SPACE, I'LL--

SHE'S DEAD.
AND IF SHE WASN'T...DO YOU THINK I NEED YOU TO DO MY KILLING FOR ME, MARC?

SHE'S DEAD, AND NOW SO IS HANK PYM, THE REAL ONE, WHO I DID LOVE.
AND SO I LIE TO MY SON AND TELL HIM HIS FATHER WAS A HERO.
BECAUSE MY SON WILL NOT BE MADE TO BELIEVE THAT HE EXISTS BECAUSE OF A HIDEOUS CRIME, A MOVE IN A GAME OF INTERSTELLAR CHESS.

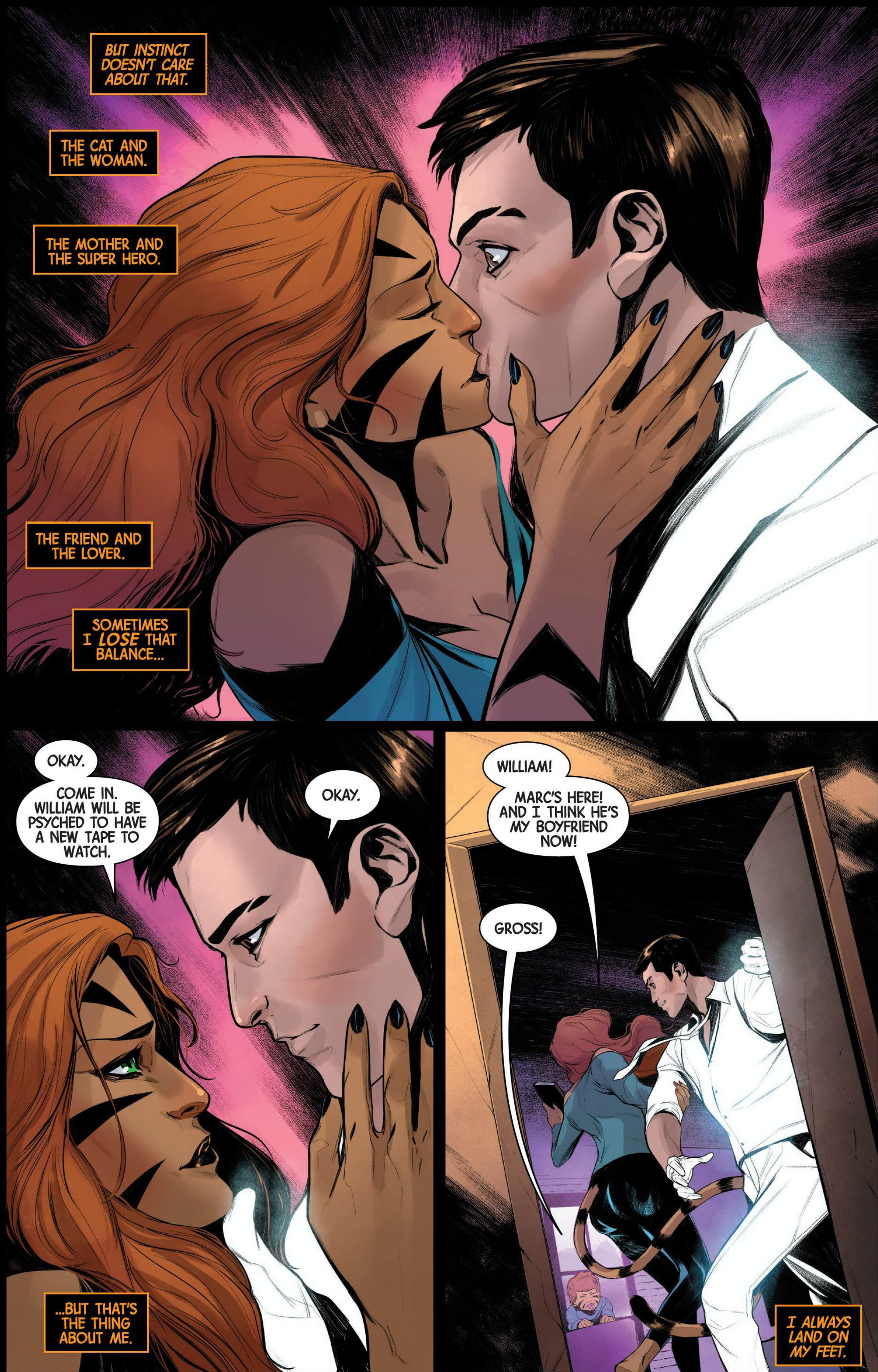
I WALKED INTO A VAMPIRE CONCLAVE FOR YOU, MARC!
I RAN THROUGH A TOMB DIMENSION FOR YOU!
I FOUGHT PSYCHOTIC MERCENARIES ON THE STREET WITH AN ARMY OF ZOMBIE MOON KNIGHTS!

FOR. YOU.
AND AFTER ALL THAT, YOU CAN'T TRUST ME, YOU LIE TO ME.
YOU WEAR A MASK WHEN YOU COME AND WATCH A MOVIE WITH MY KID.

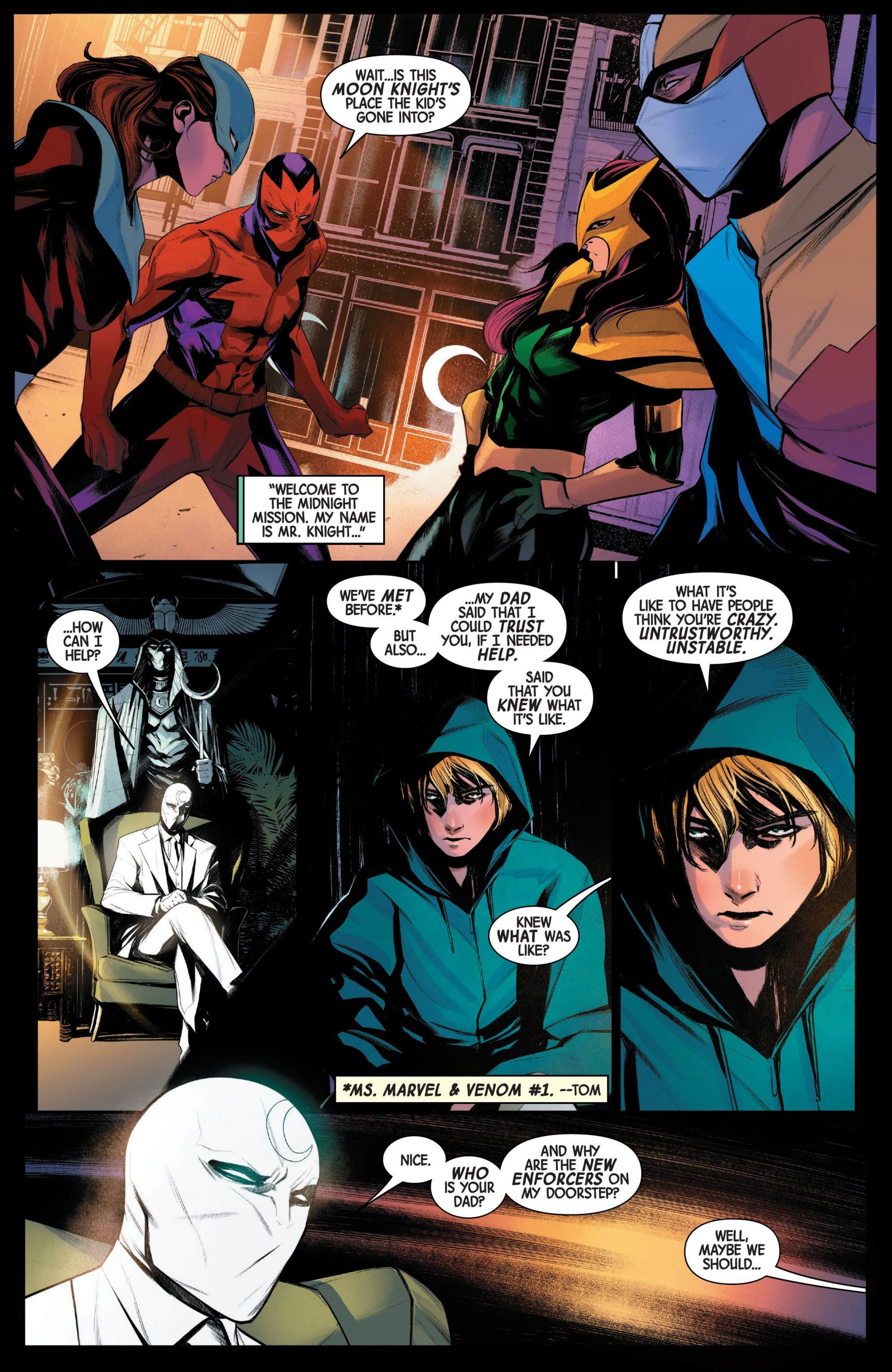
GREER, WAIT--
GOD, MARC.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD YOU MAKE IT TO BE YOUR FRIEND?
YES.

...THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING, KIDDO. I HAD DVDs, CDs. THEY'RE A NIGHTMARE WHEN YOU HAVE CLAWS.
HELL, I WRECKED ALL MY RECORDS.
HAHAHA!
I'M GLAD SOMEONE THINKS IT'S FUNNY.
NOK NOK
PIZZA!
I DIDN'T ORDER PIZZA, DEAR HEART.
SO: SUPER-VILLAIN DRILL?
OUT THE WINDOW AND RUN TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION!
GOOD BOY.
LISTEN, PAL, IT'S LATE, AND--

HI.
HI, MARC.
THE--
--THE ONE THING, THE ONLY THING I'VE EVER BEEN GOOD AT IS HURTING PEOPLE.
I'M EXTREMELY GOOD AT IT.
BUT SOMETIMES, NOT OFTEN BUT OFTEN ENOUGH, THE PEOPLE I HURT ARE THE ONES I LOVE.
I SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED YOU.
YOU WERE RIGHT. YOU DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE TREATED LIKE THAT.
YOU'D HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO LET THIS MAN INTO YOUR LIFE.
I'M SO SORRY.
I BROUGHT YOU A TAPE.
IT'S TIME BANDITS.
NO RATIONAL MIND COULD THINK WHAT I'M GOING TO DO NEXT IS A GOOD IDEA.


BUT INSTINCT DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THAT.
THE CAT AND THE WOMAN.
THE MOTHER AND THE SUPER HERO.
THE FRIEND AND THE LOVER.
SOMETIMES I *LOSE* THAT BALANCE...
OKAY.
COME IN. WILLIAM WILL BE PSYCHED TO HAVE A NEW TAPE TO WATCH.
OKAY.
...BUT THAT'S THE THING ABOUT ME.
WILLIAM!
MARC'S HERE! AND I THINK HE'S MY BOYFRIEND NOW!
GROSS!
I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET.

23 PANIC ROOM


WAIT...IS THIS MOON KNIGHT'S PLACE THE KID'S GONE INTO?
"WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT..."
...HOW CAN I HELP?
WE'VE MET BEFORE.*
BUT ALSO...
...MY DAD SAID THAT I COULD TRUST YOU, IF I NEEDED HELP.
SAID THAT YOU KNEW WHAT IT'S LIKE.
KNEW WHAT WAS LIKE?
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE CRAZY. UNTRUSTWORTHY. UNSTABLE.
*MS. MARVEL & VENOM #1. --TOM
NICE.
WHO IS YOUR DAD?
AND WHY ARE THE NEW ENFORCERS ON MY DOORSTEP?
WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD...

...JUST SHOW YOU.

--WHAT I'M SAYING.
MOON KNIGHT.
WE'RE RUNNING VENOM DOWN FOR CASH MONEY, AND YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT SOME GUY IN A CAPE, EEL?
HELLO.

NICE NIGHT.

DYLAN BROCK IS UNDER MY PROTECTION.
WHICH MEANS YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES:

YOU CAN GO HOME AND CHALK THIS ONE UP TO MISADVENTURE...
...OR YOU CAN COME AND TRY TO TAKE HIM.
BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS--

--THERE IS NOTHING BUT PAIN AND TERROR AWAITING YOU INSIDE MY HOUSE.

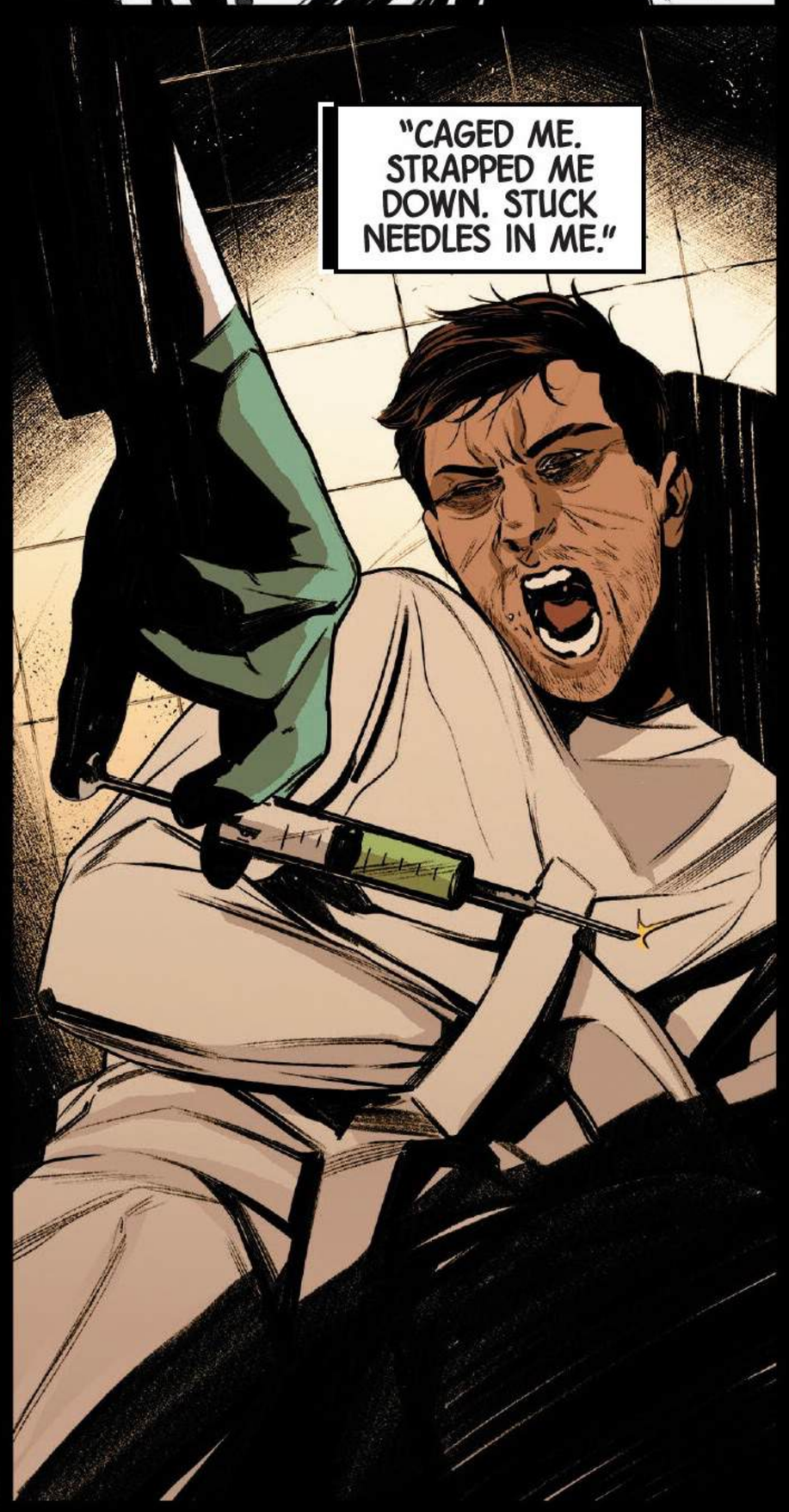
DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT'LL WORK?
OF COURSE IT WON'T.
THEY'RE *MERCENARIES.* IF THEY DON'T BRING YOU BACK, THEY DON'T GET PAID FOR FULFILLING THE CONTRACT.
I USED TO BE JUST LIKE THEM, BACK IN MY *KARNAK COWBOY* DAYS.

WHO PUT THE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD?
THE LIFE FOUNDATION. AND ALCHEMAX.
THEY WANT VENOM. WANT *US.*

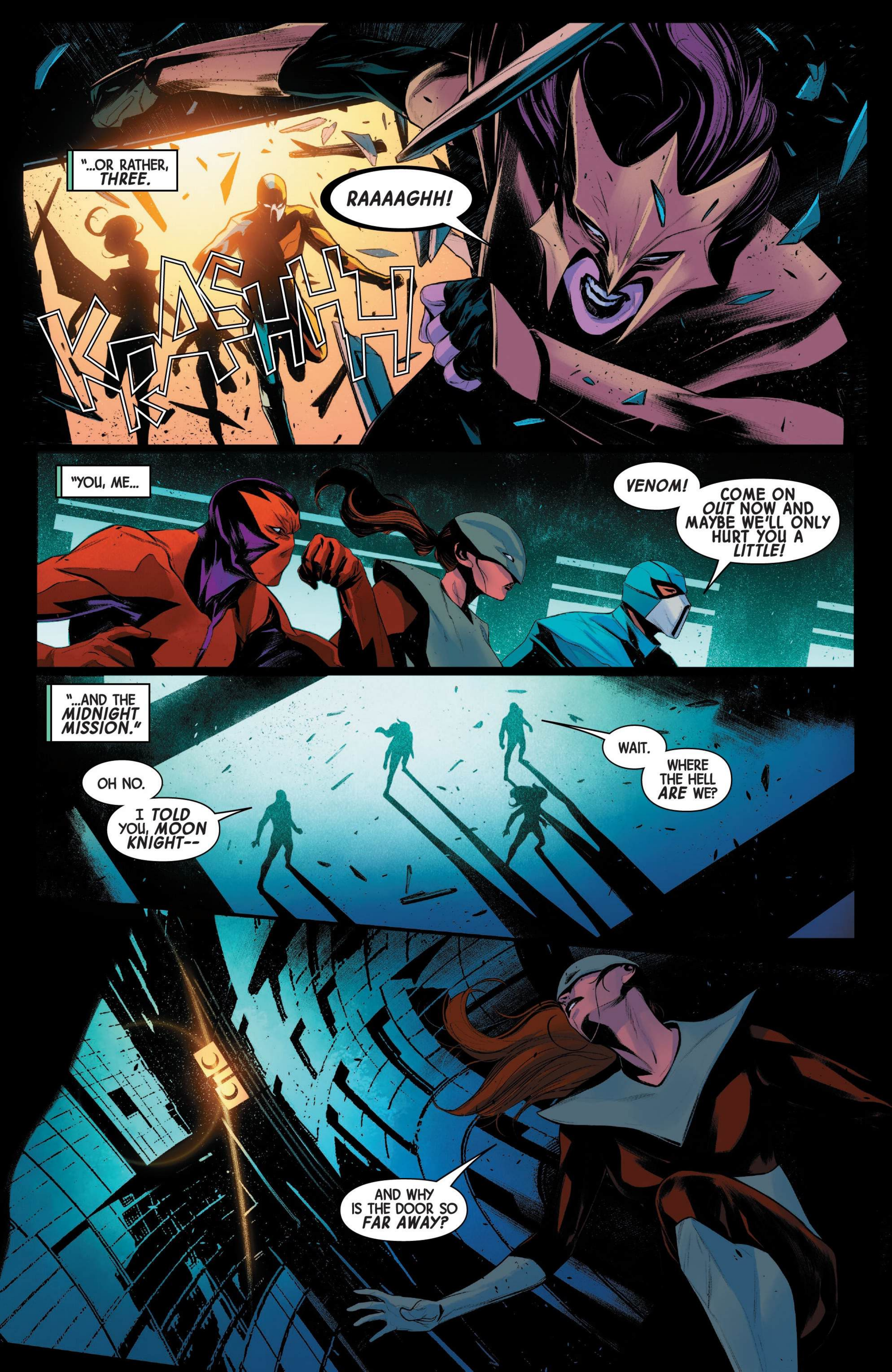
THEY'VE BEEN ON MY ASS SINCE...

"...SINCE MY DAD DIED."

THEY CAUGHT UP WITH ME.


"CAGED ME. STRAPPED ME DOWN. STUCK NEEDLES IN ME."

HEY.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR DAD WELL.
BUT HE WAS *RIGHT*. I *DO* KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE THINK YOU CAN'T BE COUNTED ON.
BUT *YOU* CAN COUNT ON *ME*.
"SO *SUIT UP*.
"THERE'S FOUR OF THEM AND *TWO* OF US...


"...OR RATHER, THREE.
RAAAAGHH!
KRASHH
"YOU, ME...
VENOM!
COME ON OUT NOW AND MAYBE WE'LL ONLY HURT YOU A LITTLE!
"...AND THE MIDNIGHT MISSION."
OH NO.
I TOLD YOU, MOON KNIGHT--
WAIT.
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
AND WHY IS THE DOOR SO FAR AWAY?

BECAUSE YOU ARE LOST.
LOST AND DAMNED.
LIGHT HIM UP!
SHRRRRAKK
FWOOSH
FINISHED?

OUR TURN.

"OKAY, KID. THIS IS HOW IT'S GOING TO GO.
"SUPERFICIALLY, TANGLE'S THE LEAST DANGEROUS.
"BUT IF SHE CAN IMMOBILIZE EITHER OF US, IT'S GAME OVER AS SOON AS ONE OF THE OTHER THREE BRING THEIR POWERS TO BEAR.
"SO HIT HER FIRST.
"HARD.
"I'LL HANDLE EEL AND THERMITE...
"...WHILE YOU TAKE BLITZ.

"THING WITH THESE GUYS WHO SHOOT LIGHTNING OR LASERS OR WHATEVER...
AAAAAAAAA--
"...IS THAT IT'S ALWAYS THEIR FIRST RESPONSE WHEN THEY PANIC.
"AND YOU CAN USE THAT.
AIIIIIEEEE!
SHRAKKK
"NOW. BLITZ WON'T GO DOWN EASY.
"BUT WHEN YOU'RE SUITED UP, YOU SHOULD BE BIG ENOUGH TO HANDLE HER...
"...WHILE I DEAL WITH THE REST."
CHFF
AGGKK!
WHUDDD

HEH.
...AND THAT'S THE BALL GAME.
GOOD WORK, KID.

THAT WAS GREAT.
BREAKING THEM DOWN LIKE THAT.
THAT'S THE JOB.
SURE, I *COULD* HAVE LET THE MISSION EAT THEM...

...BUT CALL THIS A *TEACHABLE MOMENT.*

BECAUSE LET'S BE REAL.
YOU'RE *VENOM* NOW. I WENT UP AGAINST *OSBORN'S* VENOM A FEW YEARS BACK, AND HE WAS A *NIGHTMARE.*
YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANDLE THE *NEW ENFORCERS* NO PROBLEM.

I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT *WRONG.*
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING GOING *ON* IN THE CITY.
WE'RE SENSITIVE TO *SOUND*, AND WE KEEP CATCHING *WEIRD FREQUENCIES,* LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S A *TUNING FORK.* IT'S THROWING US OFF OUR *GAME.*

...SOUND?
CAN YOU *FOLLOW* IT?

"BECAUSE IT OCCURS TO ME THAT WE MAY HAVE THE *SAME PROBLEM.*"
SO YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN AN EVIL *SOUND ENGINEER?*
YEAH.
SIDNEY SARNAK. HE'S THE KEY TO ALL OF THIS.

MIND-CONTROLLED *ASSASSINS.* PSYCHOSIS-INDUCING *DJ SETS.* *SOMEONE'S* BENDING PEOPLE'S BRAINS AND MAKING THEM DO TERRIBLE THINGS. AND *SARNAK* IS THE ONLY FACE I HAVE FOR THE WHOLE OPERATION.
HE'S *WORKING* ON SOMETHING.
SOMETHING *BIG.*
AND IF HE'S TESTING HIS SONIC DEVICES...
...THEN I'M WILLING TO BET THAT IT'S *HIS SIGNALS* YOU'VE BEEN PICKING UP.

YEAH. THAT'S IT.
WHATEVER'S MAKING THAT SOUND IS COMING FROM IN THERE.
THEN LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS.
RAAGHH!
ARE THEY ALL LISTENING TO MUSIC?
I--
--I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE...
IN ALEXANDRIA.

THESE IDIOTS AREN'T *IMPORTANT.*
I NEED *SARNAK!*
I'LL HANDLE THESE GUYS, *YOU* GO!
...ANYWAY, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE *LOOKS LIKE...*
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE *CHASE,* SARNAK.
YOU'RE GOING TO *SING.*
I'M AFRAID NOT, MOON KNIGHT.

YOU SEE, I KNEW YOU WOULD BE COMING FOR ME, SOONER OR LATER.

HE TOLD ME YOU WOULD. AND HE MADE A PLAN.

WHAT THE HELL--?

MY PANIC ROOM.

I COULDN'T LET YOU TAKE ME, MOON KNIGHT. THAT WOULDN'T BE TO HIS PLAN.

AND I KNOW YOU CAN'T GET ME IN HERE. OR, I THINK, YOUR NEW FRIEND.

OH YEAH? LET'S SEE HOW WELL THAT HOLDS UP.

I'VE GOT ALL NIGHT, PAL.

NO, YOU DON'T.
THE *POLICE* WERE CALLED AS SOON AS YOU CROSSED THE PERIMETER.

WHAT?

I'M GOING TO TURN MYSELF *IN.* FOR ALL MY *CRIMES.*

RATHER THAN LET *YOU* TAKE ME.

HEY, MOON KNIGHT!
COPS ARE OUTSIDE. WE SHOULD PROBABLY GET OUT OF HERE--
WHAT'S ALL *THIS?*

AFTER ALL...
...ISN'T *PRISON* A BETTER ALTERNATIVE THAN *INTERROGATION* BY THE *MOON KNIGHT?*

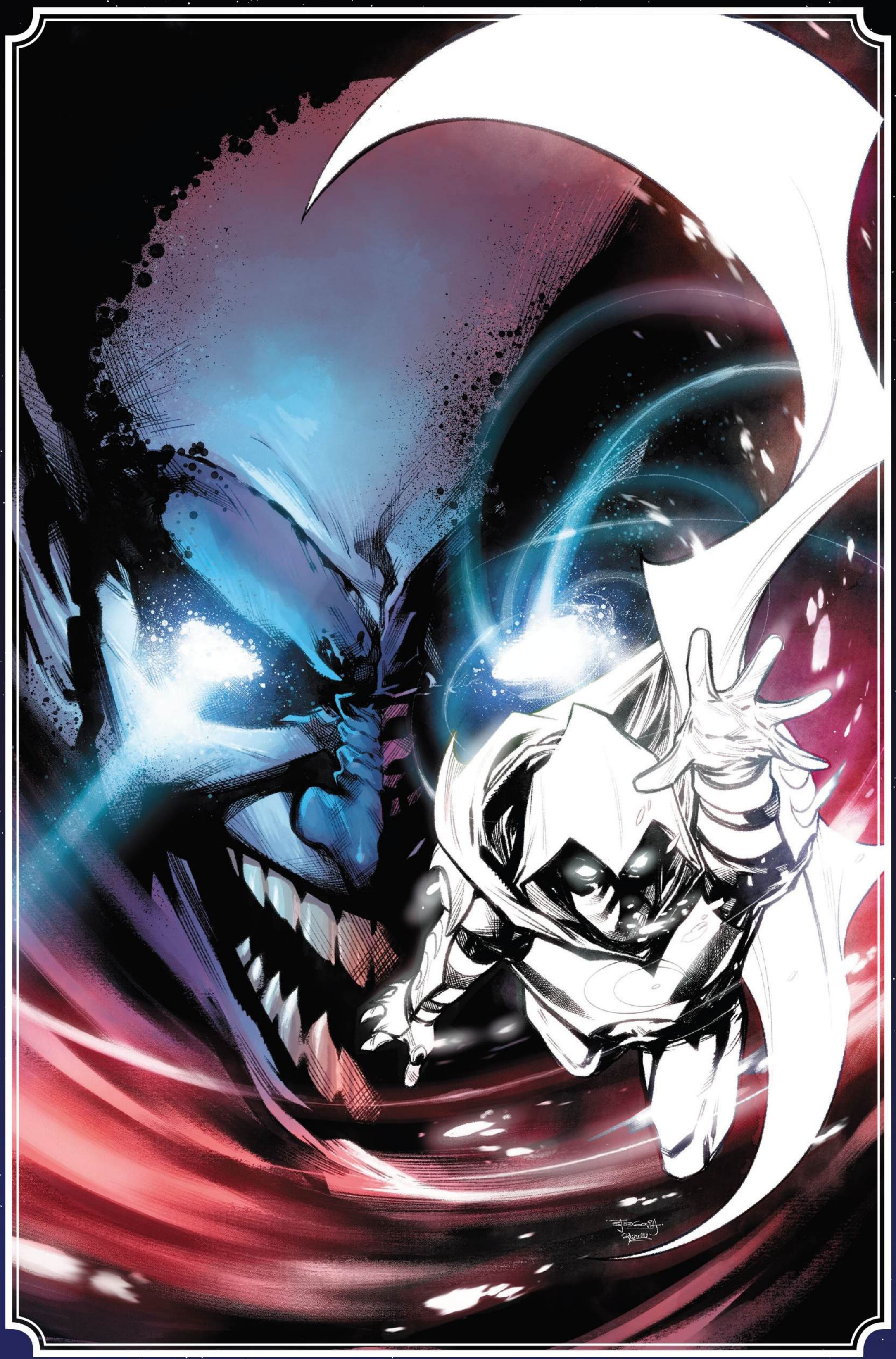
YOU THINK YOU'RE SAFE IN PRISON? ASK MAN MOUNTAIN MARKO HOW WELL THAT WENT WHEN YOU SEE HIM.*
BECAUSE HE WON'T BE SEEING YOU.
*IT WENT IN DEVIL'S REIGN: MK #1. --TOM
TO BE CONTINUED, SARNAK.
TO BE CONTINUED.

SO.
WELL, THE BAD GUY'S IN JAIL.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU WANTED, IS IT?
NO. I NEEDED HIM TO *TALK*. TO TELL ME WHO HE'S *WORKING* FOR.
BUT THAT'S A PROBLEM FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. YOU DID WELL TONIGHT, DYLAN.
MY OFFER STANDS. THERE'S A PLACE HERE FOR YOU IF YOU WANT IT.

I APPRECIATE IT. BUT I CAN'T.
ALL THE SAME. IF YOU NEED ME, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME.

THANKS.
HEY.
YOU *ARE* LIKE MY DAD, MR. KNIGHT. HE ALSO WANTED TO BE *BETTER*.
BUT BE *CAREFUL*.
THAT'S WHAT GOT HIM *KILLED*.



24 ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT

IS FRENCHIE COMING, DAD?

THE SPECTOR RESIDENCE. *LONG ISLAND.*

DR. ALRAUNE! PETE!
COME ON AND GET A BEER.

THERE'S MY FAVORITE GRANDDAUGHTER!
MY SISTER NOT GIVING YOU TOO MUCH TROUBLE, MARC?
WELL, I DESERVE *MOST* OF IT.

BURGERS WILL BE A MINUTE, BUT I'VE GOT DOGS.
WHO WANTS ONE?
ARE THEY *KOSHER?*

DON'T THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN THE *LAST* TIME YOU HAD A BARBECUE, MARC.
AW, COME ON, DAD, GIVE HIM A BREAK. YOU KNOW READING HAS NEVER BEEN MARC'S STRONG SUIT.
OH, DON'T START, RANDALL.

SO *SUE* ME, THEN, MR. *SUCCESSFUL LAWYER.*
THANKS FOR COMING, BRO.
WOULDN'T MISS IT.

WE WORRIED ABOUT YOU WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG, YOU KNOW.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY. I WAS A LOVELY BOY.
YOU WERE NOT.
BUT YOU MET A NICE GIRL, HAD A WONDERFUL KID.
GOT MARRIED...
WAIT, NO, I DIDN'T.
WHAT ABOUT GREER?
AND YOUR BUSINESS WITH JEAN-PAUL IS DOING SO WELL...
MOON KNIGHT!
WAIT.
MOON KNIGHT!
NO.
DR. ALRAUNE, PETE...
MOM, DAD, RANDALL...
NO, IGNORE IT--
NO, DON'T--
YOU'RE ALL DEAD.
MOON KNIGHT!

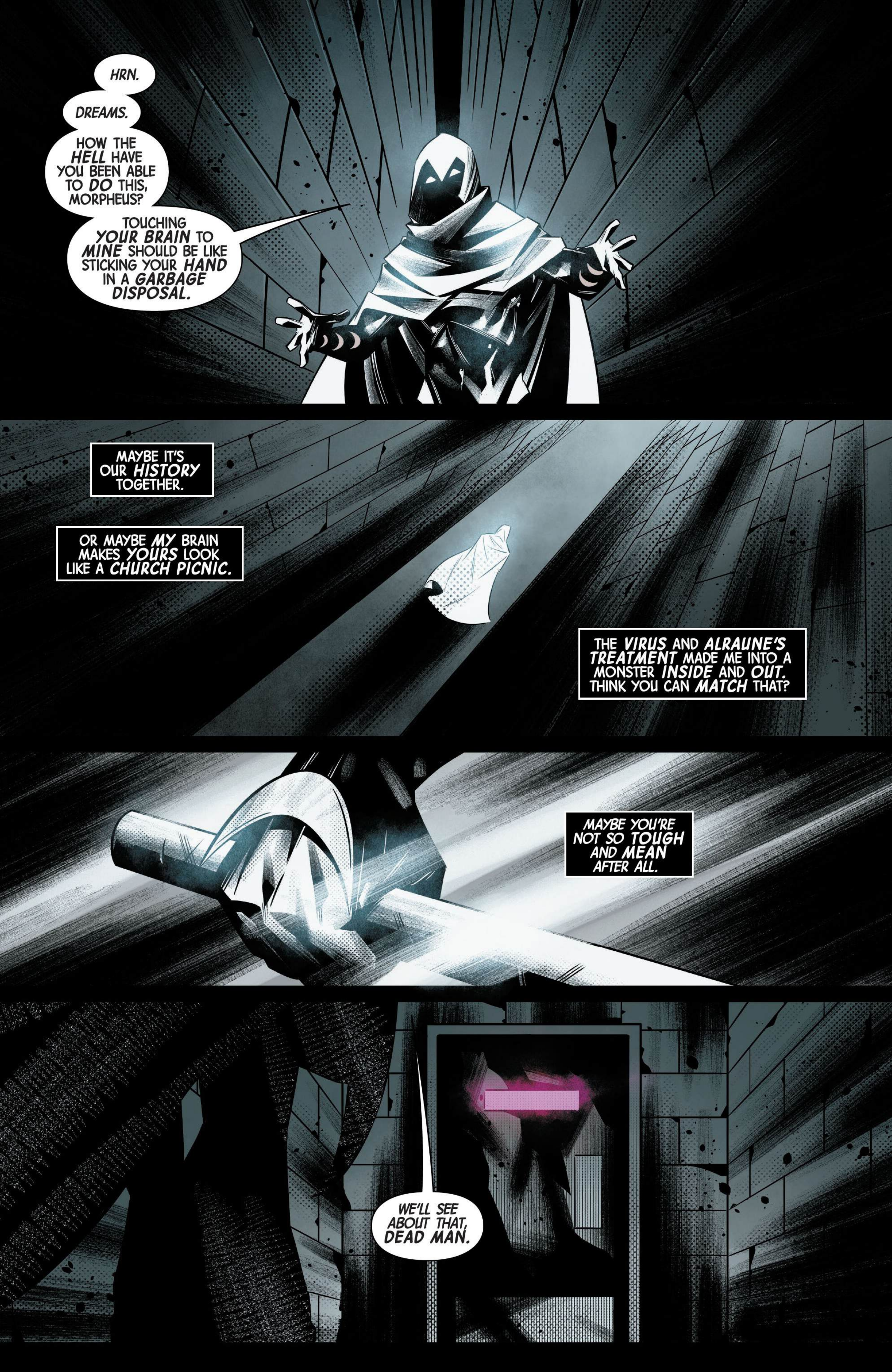
HE GOT ME.

THE BASTARD GOT ME, AND HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR IT.

MORPHEUS?
WHAT, HE MAKE YOU LIVE A NIGHTMARE?
WORSE.
HE GAVE ME EVERYTHING HE THOUGHT I WANTED.
MORPHEUS, MY OLD FRIEND.
A COMBINATION OF RARE VIRAL INFECTION AND UNTESTED TREATMENTS TURNED HIM INTO A MONSTER, GAVE HIM POWER OVER DREAMS.
AND NOW HE'S CONKED OUT AN ENTIRE BUILDING.
COME ON, PAL.
WAKE...
...UP?

WHAT?
NEITHER VILLAIN NOR MONSTER NOR DEMON STAYS THE MIGHTY MAIL-MAN FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF HIS APPOINTED ROUNDS!
HEY, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE--?
TO ARMS, CHUM!
FOR WHAT WOULD THE MIGHTY MAIL-MAN BE WITHOUT HIS SIDEKICK...
...THE PRECOCIOUS POSTIE?

...POSTIE?
WE'RE UP TO OUR NECKS IN IT, CHUM!
THE TRISTERIONS OF THE CULT OF THE MUTED HORN ARE ON OUR TAILS, BUT YOU KNOW OUR MOTTO!
NO.
THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!
THIS ISN'T RIGHT.
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.
MORPHEUS.
I'M GOING TO GET YOU--


HRN.
DREAMS.
HOW THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO DO THIS, MORPHEUS?
TOUCHING YOUR BRAIN TO MINE SHOULD BE LIKE STICKING YOUR HAND IN A GARBAGE DISPOSAL.
MAYBE IT'S OUR HISTORY TOGETHER.
OR MAYBE MY BRAIN MAKES YOURS LOOK LIKE A CHURCH PICNIC.
THE VIRUS AND ALRAUNE'S TREATMENT MADE ME INTO A MONSTER INSIDE AND OUT. THINK YOU CAN MATCH THAT?
MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH AND MEAN AFTER ALL.
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, DEAD MAN.

WHAT IS THIS?
MARC?
HEY, HEY! WELCOME TO THE PARTY, BUDDY! NAOMI, A DRINK FOR MY PAL MARC!
VODKA, RIGHT?
JAKE? WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S A PARTY, BUBBELEH! THE PARTY!
I WON BIG ON THE PONIES AND I'M FLUSH!

A PARTY, JAKE. REALLY?

THE PARTY, MARC. THE ONE I'VE *ALWAYS* WANTED TO THROW.

EVERYONE'S HAVING A *GOOD TIME. EVERYONE'S* GOT *FOOD* TO EAT AND WHATEVER THEY WANT TO *DRINK,* AND THEY'RE *WARM* AND *SAFE,* AND THE JUKEBOX ONLY PLAYS *HITS.*

"*MY* PEOPLE, MARC. MY *FRIENDS.*

"THE PEOPLE NO ONE *CARES* ABOUT."

I JUST WANT TO *TAKE CARE* OF PEOPLE, MARC.

AND THIS IS WHAT I'VE ALWAYS *WANTED.*

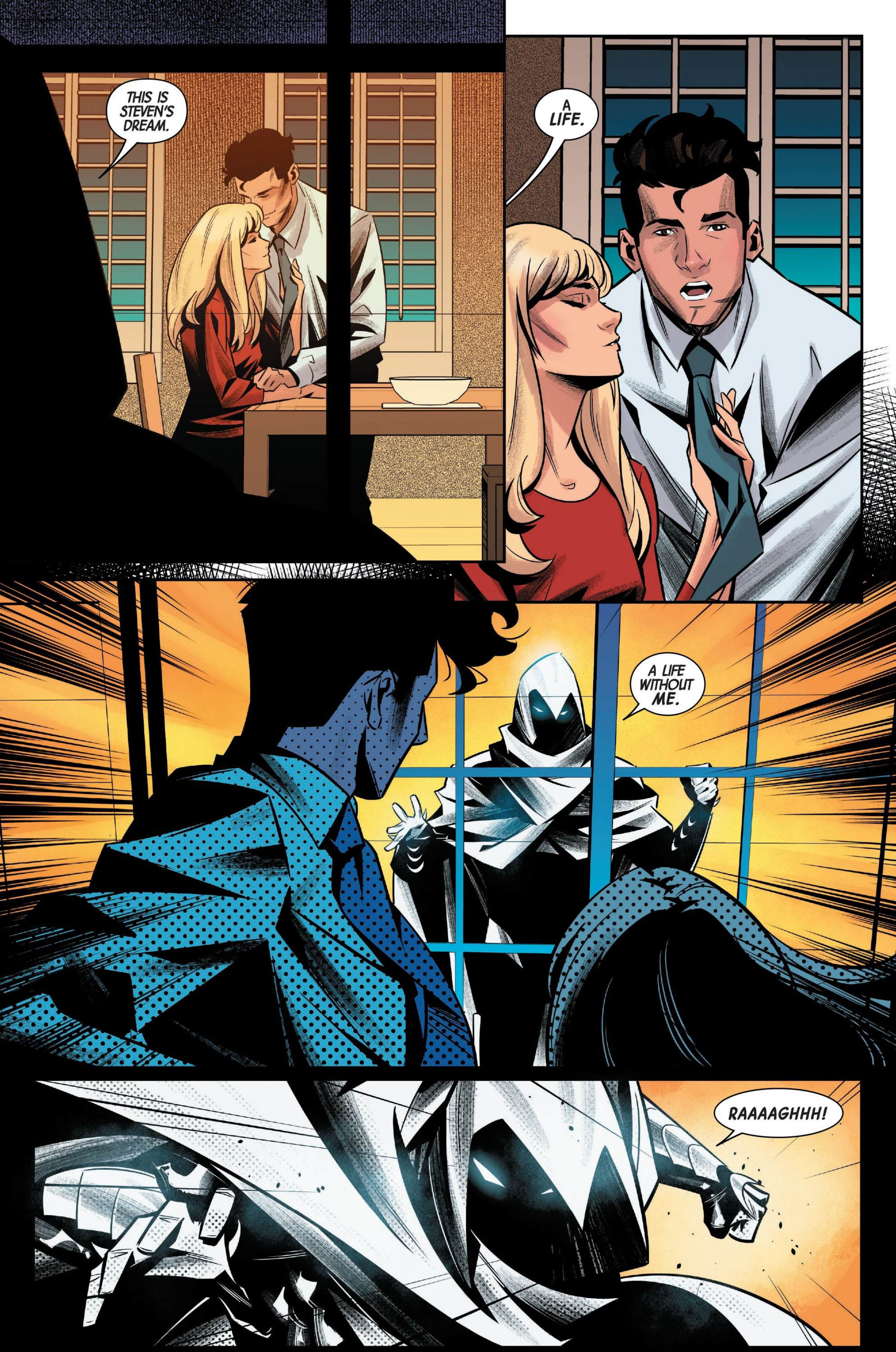
TO TAKE CARE OF *EVERYONE.*

IT'S MY *DREAM.*

RAAGGGHH!
MARC? MARC, WHAT ARE YOU--?
COME ON, MARC, IT'S A PARTY!
MORPHEUS!
YES, MOON KNIGHT?
OR SHOULD I CALL YOU MARC?
GAVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS.
WHY?! WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?
YOU'VE CAUGHT ME, CAUGHT JAKE IN A DREAM.
ANGLE? WHO'S GOT AN ANGLE?
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED...

...THAT I'M JUST GIVING PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT?
KAFF KAFF
DAMN IT!
KAFF
WHERE THE HELL AM I NOW?
OH NO.
GRANT MANOR.

FROM THE OLD DAYS.
WHEN WE HAD JUST STARTED BEING MOON KNIGHT.
BUT WHY--?
MARLENE.
AND NEDDA AND SAMUELS.
IS THIS MY DREAM...?
NO.
IT'S NOT.


THIS IS STEVEN'S DREAM.
A LIFE.
A LIFE WITHOUT ME.
RAAAAGHHH!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, MOON KNIGHT?
WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY?
HOW ABOUT RESPECT?
--WERE WRONG ABOUT YOU, MOON KNIGHT. YOU'RE A REAL HERO.
THAT'S WHY WE'D BE HONORED IF YOU'D REJOIN THE AVENGERS--
NO.
NO, THIS ISN'T REAL--

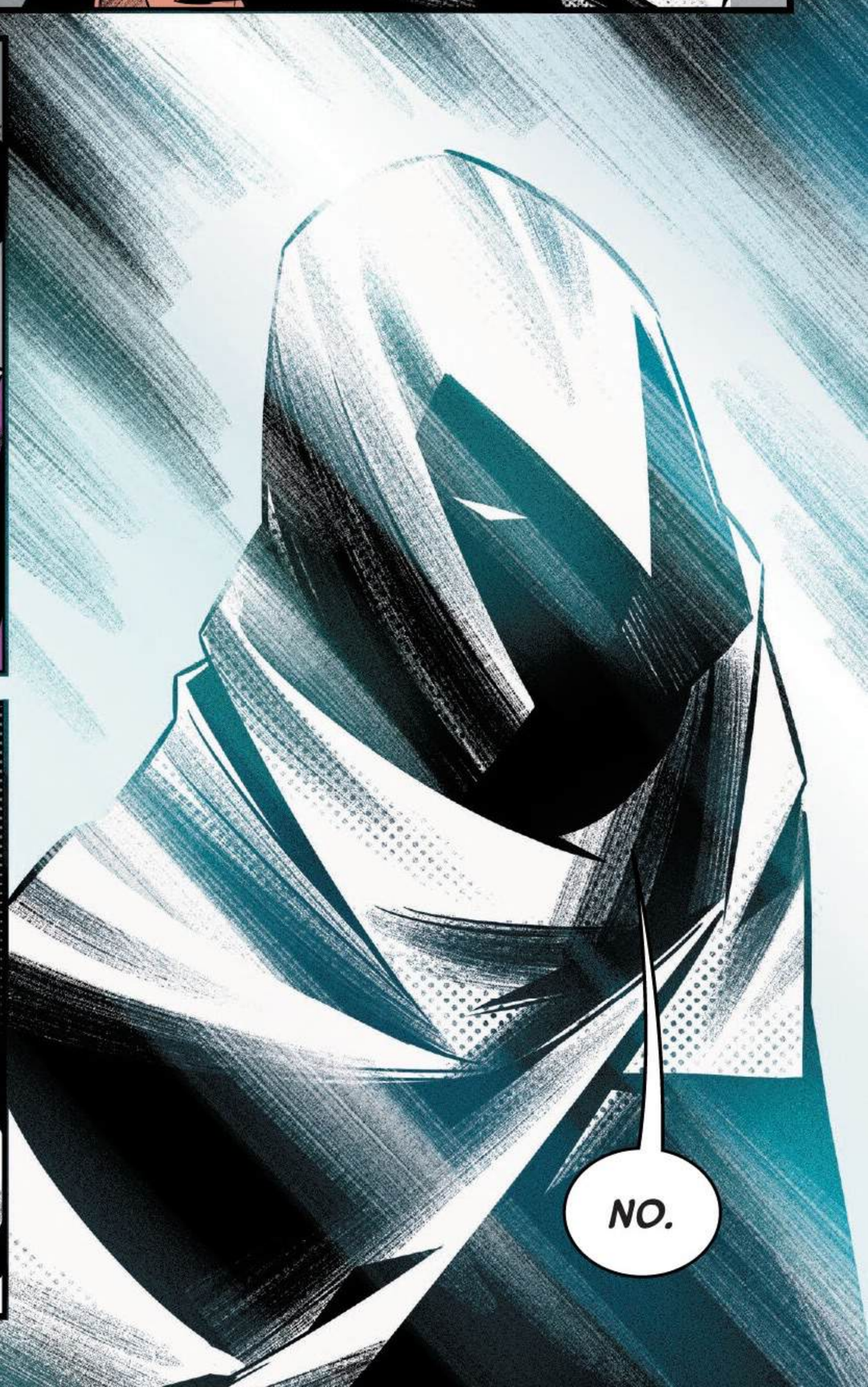
HOW ABOUT HIGH DRAMA AND ADVENTURE?

REVENGE ON THE MOON GOD?

A SURROGATE BROTHER?

OR MAYBE A DIFFERENT ONE?

MAYBE IF EVERYONE FORGAVE YOU...
OR MAYBE ALL THREE OF YOU WOULD LIKE LIVES OF YOUR OWN...


NO.

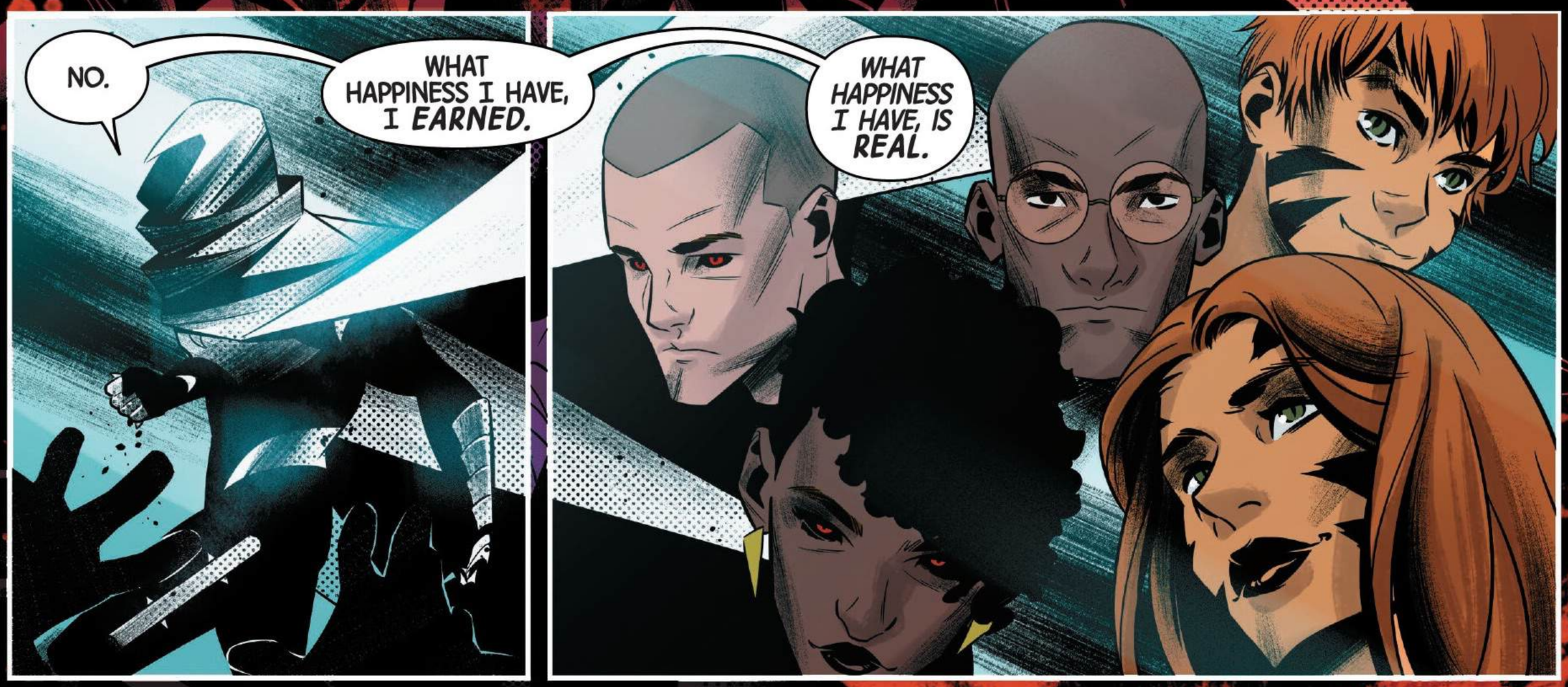
YOU'RE *INSANE.*

YOU'RE *INSANE,* YOU KNOW THAT?

HOW ABOUT *THIS?*

ENDLESS VIOLENCE. DOES *THAT* MAKE YOU HAPPY?

DOES IT, MOON KNIGHT?



UH!
I GIVE UP.
I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE AS WILLING TO THROW HAPPINESS AWAY AS YOU.
YEAH.
I'M NOT DOING SO HOT IN REAL LIFE, MOON KNIGHT.
DYING, ACTUALLY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, MORPHEUS?
GUY WANTED ME TO CREW UP WITH HIM. SAID HE WAS RECRUITING. WANTED TO MESS WITH YOU.
TOLD HIM I DIDN'T NEED THAT KIND OF GRIEF. TOLD HIM TO POUND SAND.
HE DIDN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.
HIS GUYS PUT THREE IN ME, AND I THINK THEY HIT EVERY ORGAN ON THE WAY OUT.
RELAX. LET ME HELP YOU, MORPHEUS.
I DON'T THINK SO, MOON KNIGHT. I'M ON MY LAST PAGE.
I CRAWLED IN HERE LIKE A DOG THAT GOT HIT BY A CAR, LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO DIE.

THEN... WHY ALL THIS?
BECAUSE... BECAUSE SINCE I GOT SICK, I NEVER DID A SINGLE THING TO *HELP* ANYONE.
I *HURT* PEOPLE BECAUSE *I* WAS HURT.
BUT BEFORE I DIED...I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SOME PEOPLE *HAPPY*. DO *ONE* GOOD THING. EVEN IF IT DIDN'T *MATTER*.
...
CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?
...YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU CAN.
I WANT YOU TO *GET* THE GUY WHO DID THIS TO ME.
WHO IS HE?
GIVE ME A NAME.

IT'S A GOOD ONE...
BLACK SPECTRE.
HEH.
I...DID IT...
I...FINALLY FOUND SOMETHING YOU WANTED.

#19 CLASSIC HOMAGE VARIANT BY **DAVID NAKAYAMA**

#19 VARIANT BY **LUCIO PARRILLO**

#19 DEMONIZED VARIANT BY
PHILIP TAN & SEBASTIAN CHENG

#20 BLADE BLACK HISTORY MONTH VARIANT BY
CHRIS ALLEN & GURU-eFX

#20 VARIANT BY **PHILIP TAN & FRANK D'ARMATA**

#21 VARIANT BY **ALEX HORLEY**

#22 VARIANT BY TOM REILLY

#23 VARIANT BY **PAUL RENAUD**

#23 SPIDER-VERSE VARIANT BY
DECLAN SHALVEY

#24 VARIANT BY **GREG LAND** & **FRANK D'ARMATA**

#24 ULTIMATE LAST LOOK VARIANT BY
MARK BAGLEY & **RICHARD ISANOVE**

"Jed MacKay's ability to hone in on small aspects of Moon Knight's mythology that haven't really been explored yet is second to none." – ComicBook.com

DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES!

MOON KNIGHT WRESTLES WITH REVELATIONS FROM A SAVAGE MURDER – and there's more blood on the streets as assassins work their way through the list of names who once formed his Shadow Cabinet! But with a number of potential targets and no idea who's next, how can Moon Knight save his former associates? And when a sinister pied piper plays a deadly tune – one that spells death and chaos to all who hear it – Marc must figure out how to fight someone whose will is not their own! Tigra stalks the Midnight Man across the concrete jungle, and the Midnight Mission welcomes a surprising traveler in need of aid: Venom! But when the boundaries between the waking world and the realm of sleep grow porous, Moon Knight must face his old enemy Morpheus!

COLLECTING ***MOON KNIGHT (2021) #19-24*** – BY JED MACKAY, DANNY LORE, FEDERICO SABBATINI, RAY-ANTHONY HEIGHT, ALESSANDRO CAPPUCCIO, LE BEAU UNDERWOOD, SCOTT HANNA AND RACHELLE ROSENBERG.

T+

MARVEL